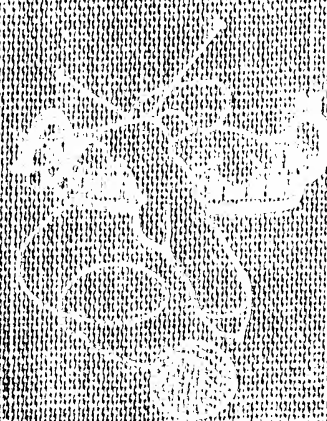


Sock Songs





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SOCK SONGS

SOCK SONGS



THE CORNHILL COMPANY
BOSTON

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MAR 22 1919

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DEDICATION

To you whose feet have marched for liberty
And trod the blood-drenched soil of distant lands,
We give these heartfelt songs. We who with hands
Of helpfulness and love the stitches cast
Know well our part, to strive unceasingly
Till every tangled skein shall be uncurled
And Victory with Peace be knit. We sing,
Hearing the while a faithful promise ring:
“When God helps all the workers for His world
The singers shall be helped of Him, not last!”

EDWARD TEN BROECK PERINE

INTRODUCTION

Anyone taking up this volume as a treasury of choice lyrics selected on artistic principles will surely be disappointed. It is one of the mementos of the Great War time within American homes.

The contest that evoked these Sock Songs was conducted by *The Sun*, New York, in its Sunday issue between May 12, 1918, when the invitation was published, and the following November 10, when the white paper shortage compelled *The Sun* abruptly to discontinue a considerable number of its weekly features. As happened, November 10 was the Sunday of the week of peace, and thus would in any event have closed the contest's term of life.

There is a species of newspaper contest, seldom met with in New York, the object of which is to advertise the paper and swell its circulation. You cut out coupons and vote them; the recipient of the largest vote receives an automobile, or (in other days) a trip to Europe. *The Sun* had no ulterior axe to grind. With Miss Merrick, the contest's inventor, it thought solely to stimulate patriotic knitting. The original intention was to call forth jingles which might be tucked in with socks to go overseas.

The conditions were simple — open to everybody and to any sort of verse, provided the entry did not exceed ten lines. The weekly prizes were \$5 worth, \$3 worth, and \$1 worth of wool, and beside the three winning Sock Songs, ten others of honorable mention were printed every Sunday. This is a book of the lucky thirteen-a-week. Prize Songs are marked by asterisks, one for a first prize, two for a second, and so on. The arrangement herein is alphabetical by authors' names,

chronological thereunder. Since no rule precluded "repeating," it happened that several contestants won prizes or mentions more than once. The arrangement of the authors' names shows the score of each.

The original Contest Editor was the Sunday Editor, Mr. G. A. Brakeley, who after some weeks delegated the contest to one or another of his assistants, and through a large part of its term to the present writer. The Judges were the entire Sunday staff, although other *Sun* editors and writers were now and then called in to decide in difficult choices.

The average number of the entries was near 100; and it never was less than 50; in some weeks, without apparent reason, it doubled the average given. The contest was still in full flow at the end, and had taken on a joyous tone from the certainty of victory.

Frankly, it was begun as a small, casual experiment — somewhat as a lark. Its editors deliberately kept to the personal manner of the village weekly, in dealing through the contest column with their correspondents. To their astonishment (considering the beginning, and the very modest nature of the prizes) it was hardly a month before a map of the Sock Songs field would have had to show the United States and a large part of Canada. Also, amid the bulk of those entries for which nobody could have claimed the smallest "literary" worth, we began to get, week by week, others quite up to the broad average of newspaper and magazine poetry, and a few which we did not hesitate to acclaim as genuine poems! And some of these had, even upon an office-ful of case-hardened newspapermen, an emotional effect too strong to be dissembled.

We conclude that the patriotic knitting itself was often a form of poetic creation, if not a form of prayer, inducing moods which naturally found a further expression in verse. We like to think our contest somewhat increased the supply of knitted comfort to the

men in Service; we know it eased anxious hours in hundreds of homes with Service Flags. Surely all this has justified the present republication; and while we have no idea that the anthologist of 2018 A. D. will make many of his choices from among our Sock Songs, to find him listing more than one writer herein represented will not surprise our Spirits in the least!

Under application, made through the Sunday department, *The Sun* has released to the publishers all Sock Song Contest material from its files. Therewith its connection with this volume, and its responsibility, end.

HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1918.

FOREWORD

Lula Merrick, who wrote the first Sock Song, and suggested the contest conducted by *The Sun*, is an experienced magazine and newspaper writer, chiefly upon topics of Art. As soon as the United States drew the sword against Germany, Miss Merrick became a volunteer worker for war and war relief activities, which now occupy her time completely. Much of her war service has been under the banner of the National Security League.

She was an early canvasser of women's meetings in the so-called congested, among other, districts of New York city, and was a tireless platform missionary of the patriotic knitter propaganda. Her original idea was to have the Sock Songs published by a magazine, that every knitter, whether a versifier or not, might clip out a cheery jingle to be tucked in with every pair of socks. Verse she thought better than notes in prose, on account of the formality of the latter. Realizing the advantages possessed by a metropolitan newspaper as a Sock Song medium, she decided to put the idea before *The Sun*. The results were the contest, and finally the present volume.

SOCK SONGS

SOCK SONGS

TRICOTEZ, AUJOURD'HUI!

Les tricoteuses sont occupees
A tricoter leurs bas de laines.
A lez laisser pour s'amuser,
Est-ce que se serait juste? — á peine!
Supposez que les braves soldats
Laisseraient leur devoir pour bailler?
Le fler Teuton serait ici;
Oh non, ma chere — il faut travailler!

We translate rather freely

KNIT TODAY

The knitting girls are busy
Knitting their socks of wool —
To put them down and have some fun,
Would that be proper? Not much!
Suppose the brave soldiers
Should leave their duty to take forty winks —
The haughty Hun would be here!
Don't do it, dearie — get busy and work!

MISS JULIA DULANY ADDISON

A SOLDIER BOY

There's a soldier boy far across the deep sea
Who is fighting for you, fighting for me.
I do not know his name, still no stranger is he,
For he's fighting to make all humanity free.

I'm knitting socks for this dear soldier boy,
It gives me great pleasure, satisfaction and joy.
He's some loving mother's son, we all know,
Still he's fighting for you and for me also.

EDGAR ALCOTT.

SOCK SONGS

Still knit on, though the impatient night
 Shuts down the day and white lamps are lit
 And you that work for brave men who fight
 Keep faith with them in those things you knit.

JANE ALDEN

Oh, shining needles and soft gray yarn
 And a pair of loving hands!
 'Tis the vision of these the soldier sees
 As he struggles in distant lands,
 And the love that lives in the home hearts gives
 The courage his task demands.

M. C. ANDREWS

Knit away each Yankee girl,
 And show them you're a dandy,
 Mind your stitch — two knit, two purl —
 And for the boys be handy.

M. C. ANDREWS

TO A SOLDIER, WITH SOCKS

These woolly socks I send to you,
 Brave soldier "Over There,"
 They're set with stitches straight and true
 And shaped with loving care.

I've knit in Love, and Faith, and Hope,
 And courage for the battles' din.
 Thanksgiving cheer and Christmas gift
 And New Year's wish I've knitted in.

May Victory ring across the seas
 Before you've worn a hole in these!

ANONYMOUS

A MODERN MAIDEN'S PRAYER

O patient wearer of these socks!
 'Tis you this lay concerns,
 For as my knitting needles hum
 My heart to romance turns.

And oft in maiden reverie
 While socks I yarn for you
 I fancy that somehow we'll meet
 And I shall darn 'em too!

ANONYMOUS

Purl on, daughters of our country,
 Endless victory arrives;
 Raise trampled ones from tyranny,
 Sing mothers, sisters, girls and wives,
 Hope and knit and cast on two
 In every stitch with love aglow,
 Now as we draw each needle through
 Goes forth a friend to fell a foe.

To arms, soldier boys, form your battalions, sons!
 Fight on till you've knocked the fatal H from Huns!

FLORENCE IRENE ARCHER

PIG KNITTING AND WHALEBONE

This little pig tried to hog it,
 For no soldier was her own,
 She knit a sweet Pink Comfort,
 But it was so phoney phone
 That when she tried to wear it
 We left her quite alone,
 For her veins were filled with worsted,
 And her heart was a whalebone.

Little girl, O knit for a soldier o'er the sea —
 Then you'll find your wishbone where your whalebone
 used to be!

FLORENCE IRENE ARCHER

SOCK SONGS

From a brave and gallant captain,
Has come this message true:
"A pair of fresh, clean, hand-knit socks
Just warms you through and through,
When you come in all wet and cold
And tired at close of day."

So can a maid her hand withhold
From yarns so soft and gray,
And needles bright? You see you might
A captain win that way!

MRS. NICHOLAS ARROWSMITH

This little pig went to Picardy,
This little pig got sore;
This little pig had blisters,
This little pig had more,
And this little pig cried, "Oui, oui, oui,
Sherman was right about war!"
But now all the pigs are as merry as grigs,
Their troubles have vanished away,
In the rookie's last box was a pair of knit socks
And he's marching in comfort today!

MRS. CLARE M. ASENSIO

She finds the khaki somber and must knit
In vivid rose or purple all day long;
I see the rainbow in each dull brown bit
And hear the music of their marching song;
For every stitch I count a fighting man
Treads dusty roads in Picardy for me,
Sun flash on steel, our flag American —
Could one ask more? I knit for victory!

MRS. JOSE M. ASENSIO***

Here are the idle moments that used to slip away,
 The silver change of golden hours that go to make a day,
 A hammock-novel afternoon, a game of bridge or two
 Are knit together in these socks I'm sending on to you;
 And woven with the woollen yarn a little whispering
 prayer
 That you may come safe home again from far-off Over
 There.
 Each stitch has taught me patience and pride in work
 well done
 And the joy of doing something toward the victory to
 be won.
 No bulging Christmas stocking that they gave you
 years ago
 Could hold the many blessings that I've tucked inside
 each toe.

MRS. JOSE M. ASENSIO***

Now all eyes turn toward the Sammy at this juncture
 in the fight,
 And he stands forth — brave and strong, and clean
 and true;
 And could he, forsooth, be otherwise, when in his
 country's sight
 That's the only thing there is for him to do?

Why, the very socks upon his feet were knit with loving
 care,
 And as some proud woman worked those stitches in,
 She wove about them all her love and pride — and many
 a prayer —
 And he knows it, too — and so is bound to win —

For whate'er he may encounter in those distant, war-
 scourged lands
 He dare not be unworthy of the socks in which he stands!

MARJORIE AUSTIN

Sometimes in the night I am thrilled by a cheer
 Which a thousand throats seem to raise high;
 It sinks into silence, then breaks forth again,
 And I know that a train full of khaki clad men —
 The flower of our land — passed by.
 O brave women at home, prove a match for these lads
 Who know how to cheer as they go!
 You must cheer them in turn — although not with a
 shout —
 Just your needles' soft click as they work in and out
 On the socks that our soldiers need so.

MAJORIE AUSTIN

Suppose the socks I am sending today
 Should go to my boy so far away,
 Who would not dream I prized him so,
 And now he's gone and may never know;
 If he should receive them, would they tell
 Of a girl at home who loved him well?

M. C. A.

Dearest brother, 'cross the sea,
 Mother in days of yore
 Knit socks for you and me,
 You've grown big and strong,
 I have grown up too.
 Now I knit with love and care
 Socks for brother "Over There"

Chorus

Purl two, knit two,
 One, two, three,
 Socks for brother
 'Cross the sea.

Purl two, knit two,
 One, two, three,
 Socks for dearest brother
 Fighting for you and me.

RUTH BACH (11 years)

TELEPATHY

Four needles, two hands, and a hank of wool —
 That's but the least of their making,
 The minutes, the hours, and the days count, too,
 So do the work and the aching.

I think as I knit of but one precious thing —
 Thought brings my own soldier nearer,
 And though he will wear them to keep his feet warm,
 Thinking will make them seem dearer.

HELEN BACKUS

By the window mother's sitting,
 All day long she sits there knitting;
 Making socks, not for her son —
 Long ago that task was done —
 But for some other mother's.
 I keep busy with my knitting,
 And no matter where I'm sitting
 I can feel that mother's there
 Knitting too; and do my share
 Just for my neighbor's brother.

HELEN K. BACKUS

Soldier, little soldier, fighting hard on Flanders' plain,
 Some one's heart is with you in your dugout in the rain;
 It's sultry here in August, and sad while you're away,
 But some one has been thinking of you all the livelong
 day.

Did a country lassie knit these socks beside the farm-
 house door,
 Or a bright-eyed, dainty business maid, when daily
 tasks were o'er?

Was it a charming idler, in a garden cool and sweet,
 Or a tired little working girl, all drooping in the heat?
 Who was it that thought of you, in love and loneliness?
 Soldier, little soldier, can you guess, can you guess?

GERALDINE M. BACON

With fingers skilful and swift, eyes full of love's own light,
The women are sitting in every town knitting far into
the night.

Knitting socks for her sailor boy, the mother sits calm
and still

By the firelight bright, but she sees not the light — she
only thinks of her Bill.

Of moments she wastes not one, but knits, and cares
not to sleep

While his comrades and he on the storm-swept sea our
shores in safety keep.

And perhaps when the victory's won 't will be said on
that great, glad day

'Twas the women who won the fight for us, for while
they knit they pray.

JESSIE MARY BAIN

As I "set up" the stitches and "rib" a while,
May you march in triumph many a mile.

As I change to "plain," and knit and knit,
Here's hoping these socks will certainly fit.

As I "turn" the heel, set the gussets in,
Here's wishing Our Cause very soon may win.

As I knit the foot and measure with care,
May the poor tired feet in comfort wear.

As I "narrow" and weave the "Kitchener toe,"
May a warm understanding between us grow.

CLARA VICKROY BALCH

Hooray for the socks!
One pair in a box —
They're knit in a hurry
And ain't got no clocks!

But what need of a clock
In the side of a sock?
The feet mark the time
And the end of my rhyme.

ADA F. BALLARD

There's an army across the sea,
 And their hearts are brave and strong,
 And with all their might
 In firm faith they fight
 That Right may rise out of wrong.

There's a gentler army at home
 But their fingers are swift and strong,
 And they cheerfully knit
 For the soldier's kit
 To help Right rise out of wrong.

VIRGINIA F. BALLARD

With glad hearts we sit and zealously knit
 Warm sweaters and socks for our boys in the fray,
 For triumph's bright light
 Ever shines through the night,
 Directing their path to the glory of day.

Soon songs shall arise — tears no more dim the eyes;
 At last we shall see war's dark agonies cease.
 Then to God will we raise
 Every voice, loud in praise;
 Success is His doing — His gift is our peace!

VIRGINIA F. BALLARD

They all seem to write of the army
 And of their soldiers true;
 But what about the sailors —
 They need warm socks, too.

For my boy is in the navy,
 He is out to get the Hun;
 And life aboard a "sub" chaser
 Isn't any fun.

So here's to the socks that mean warm feet —
 May our wonderful nation know no defeat.

MAY BAMPTON

THE SPIRIT OF KNITTING

The service flag was flying o'er the home deprived of
Jim,
The mother sat a knitting with thoughts of love for
him,
Now the golden star is gleaming for him to Glory sent,
The yarn is faster knitted in determination bent —
The fingers fight for Victory, and all her strength she
gives.
The boy in action died, but still his spirit lives.

ARCHER H. BARBER

“ BECAUSE ”

Because she knows that I must go,
Quite patiently she knits for me,
Long khaki socks to ease my feet,
On mountain roads in Italy,
Way over there.

With every stitch she knits a thought,
With which a little wish is cast,
And I know all its meaning, too —
To come back safe to her at last,
From over there.

PRIMO BARTOLINI.*

Your socks and my socks,
Will go across the sea;
For your cause and my cause
A world-wide liberty.
Should my socks go to your boy,
And your socks to mine,
With the prayers we have knit,
And their Yankee grit,
They are sure to cross the Rhine.

LUCY H. BATT

Gen. Pershing — We are sending socks and sweaters;
 Gen. Pershing — Your army is the finest of the fine;
 Gen. Pershing — There will be no hesitation
 When your "Yankee Doodle Doodles" reach the Hindenburg line.

Gen. Pershing — With every sock and sweater;
 Gen. Pershing — We're imploring help divine;
 Gen. Pershing — They will cover you with glory
 When your "Yankee Doodle Doodles" smash the Hindenburg line.

Gen. Pershing — You are the hero of our story,
 A soldier and a gentleman, as Mr. Webster does define.

LUCY H. BATT

In homely little houses
 In village or in town,
 In factories and prisons,
 In farms on hill and down;
 In tenements and castles,
 In slums and avenue —
 One bond knits men and women:
 "My boy is fighting, too!"

CHARLOTTE BECKER***

TO OUR BOYS OVER THERE

Two or four stripes upon your socks; odd numbers will
 not do,
 And you'll go over the top to Bill and get his soldiers,
 too.
 Wear these socks in the trenches and into "No Man's
 Land,"
 Yes, wear them when you're hiking and to follow the
 band.
 With full four stripes upon them, twice over the top
 you'll go,
 But twice again return, brave men, when you have licked
 the foe.

So you should worry, Yankees, for this your socks will
do —

Two or four stripes about the tops will bring my story
true.

Just wear the socks I'm knitting with stripes red, white
or blue

And you will show old Kaiser Bill what Yankee boys
can do.

KATHERINE M. BINKLEY

Knitting, knitting, knitting,
Knitting all the day,
Knitting socks for you, lad,
For you so far away.

And so I keep on knitting,
Though really not for you,
But knitting for my country;
For the red and white and blue.

KATHERINE M. BINKLEY

Socks for the feet of my unborn child
I knitted, and sang — 't was a task of joy;
The days were long, but so was my song,
Then one night I smiled on — a boy!
Socks for the feet of my soldier child
I knit; and I sing as best I can;
Still this hope is bright — though he fall tonight,
I shall see him again — a man!

VINCENT BINNINGTON

As I fashion sock on sock
To the ticking of the clock
I keep sitting, ever knitting endless yarn.
But my soul is over there
'Mid the battles in the air,
Where my hero's smashing Nero on the Marne.

W. BLAKE

Brave soldier boy across the sea
I knitted these socks to send to thee;
May they keep you warm and glad
And help you to capture a Kamerad.

MARJORIE BLYTHE

Tricote, ma belle!
La saison cruelle
S'avance a grands pas,
Et nos bons soldats
Vont tant souffrir d'elle!
Tricote des bas!
Jour et nuit, fidele,
Ne te lasse pas!
C'est pour nos soldats!
Tricote, ma belle!

A. BOLLAERT***

Who'll knit a pair of socks for Lady France?
She who has walked so much against the Hun,
These last four years, from Zeebrugge to Verdun,
Yea, walked so much that it reads like romance!

Her feet are bleeding. . . Yet, to save her sacred
land,
To free the world, she'd walk forever!
So let the wool you choose be of a lasting brand,
Which neither time nor thorns can sever!

And let the glorious sun pour joy and radiance
O'er him or her who'll knit for Lady France!

A. BOLLAERT

SOCKS FOR FIGHTING

Put these gray socks upon your feet
When you go forth the Hun to meet.
In every round there's knit a prayer:
"God help the men and keep them safe
While they are fighting Over There."

In Freedom's cause these socks were knit,
They'll clothe the feet of Yankee grit,
'Tis hoped they'll ease the toilsome way
O'er which your weary feet must go
Until at last you win the day.

MRS. ADELE WILLIS BOLLES

We're knitting socks at early dawn,
We're knitting socks at night.
To help the men who face the guns
We knit with all our might.
For freedom in the balance hangs,
The scales are hard to tip.
But there's a way, there'll come a day
When William's flag will dip.

ADELE WILLIS BOLLES***

A little old woman in a room chill and bare
Is knitting warm socks to send Over There.
Her wee twisted fingers in pain do their work,
But she is a woman who never will shirk.
She scolds as she knits about women who trifle,
While men at the front face cannon and rifle.
"The women," she says, "should sacrifice all
And toil for the men who've answered the call."

ADELE WILLIS BOLLES

O socks of silk and socks of lisle,
And socks of every hue,
We'll darn and don for many a mile,
But new ones we'll eschew
Like any miser!

No socks we'll buy from mill or man,
We'll save and knit instead
The socks that send our boys in tan
A tramping straight ahead —
Right o'er the Kaiser!

MAUD G. BOOTH

Write a little sock song
For "The Sunday Sun."
Win the wool to knit
For the men that fight the Hun.

Knit it into warm socks,
And send it to the men
And when you need another lot
Just write some songs again.

EMILY S. BOSMAN

FOR BILLY BOY!

In the dusk alone I sit, knit and purl, and purl and knit;
All the pride and hopes and fears, all the love of all the
years,
Knit I into this, my bit, Billy boy!
Scorching heat and piercing cold, countless hardships
all untold,
Wounds and danger — all of these have been yours
across the seas.
Oh, if aught that I could do could but measure up to
you —
How my heart would sing for joy, Billy boy!

C. H. BRADLEY*

Knit, knit, all the day,
For our soldiers far away.
Fighting Austrian and the Hun,
With the rifle and the bomb,
For the flag that flies
O'er the "land of many lives."
So knit, knit all the day
For the soldiers far away.

ARTHUR ADAM BRADY (aged 12)

You must knit, and knit, and knit,
And you must never, never quit,
For our soldiers and our sailors far away.
You must buy the yarn, or borrow
Through all sadness, joy or sorrow,
For our soldiers and our sailors far away.
You must knit a sock, a sweater,
To wear through all the weather,
For our soldiers and our sailors far away.

GEORGE BRADY (aged 15)

I knit a sock and then I knit its mate.
They're meant to be alike, but unkind Fate
Has willed it otherwise.
And though I count and measure, when complete
One sock's for pedals slim and one for hammer feet.
A sweater then I try, and think to fit
A man of robust stature, but good-night!
When it is done 't would fit a sausage — tight.
Will I improve? Oh, do not judge too hard,
I may become a knitter, though no bard.

ENID M. BRAND

Clickety-clack! Clickety-clack!
 See how my needles move forward and back!
 Watch how they slide along,
 Humming their constant song:
 "Give us work! Never shirk! Clickety-clack!"

"Clickety-clack! Clickety-clack!
 Don't let us idle lie, keep on our track!
 Your willing tools are we,
 Aiding men brave and free.
 Give us work! Never shirk! Clickety-clack!"

MARGARET BRENDLINGER**

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
 Yes, sir; yes, sir; many bags full;
 Some for the sweaters, some for the mitts,
 And plenty for the socks every lassie knits.

Baa, baa, black sheep, aren't you very proud?
 Yes, sir; yes, sir; hear me shout it loud!
 Comfort for the heroes, love's labor for the girls,
 You bet I'm mighty proud of all my little curls.

G. D. BRITT

Our laddies over there in France
 Are bound to beat the Kaiser;
 But to win the war we're fighting for
 They need socks good and warm, sir.
 The lassies of our Red Cross band
 Are proud to do the work, sir,
 If wool is furnished so we can
 Give help and comfort both, sir,
 We need the yarn to do our bit —
 A million thanks if you furnish it!

RITIE G. BROKAW

Let us have peace, now cries the Hun —
 Knit away, my lass, knit away —
 We'll give him "peace" when our work is done —
 Knit away, my lass, knit away.
 When we think of Belgium, tortured France,
 Serbia outraged — never a chance!
 Does he think the avengers are all in a trance? —
 Knit away, my lass, knit away.
 When Berlin's ours, Hohenzollern in chain,
 Austria conquered — THEN ask again!

CHARLES LEX BROOKE***

NORA'S SOCKS IN THE TRENCHES

A Reply to "Nora's Knitting Song"

Oh, Nora Machree, the socks knitted for me
 You say that you knit with a sigh —
 That sigh sure exploded; the socks are corroded,
 To wear them I never could thry —
 And Pat's that I hear you knit with a tear
 That dropped from your beautiful eye,
 Was moistened so wet that not even yet
 Has he been able to dry!
 So *he* "squeezed my hand" and I "danced" with glee
 As we both slipped them over to Timmy McGee!

CHARLES LEX BROOKE

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

"What are you knittin', knittin' for?" said Slacker-lazy-lie;
 "To make a sock, to make a sock," the mother did reply.
 "What makes you knit so fast, so fast?" said Slacker-lazy-lie;
 "I have a boy in France, in France," the mother did reply;
 For they're shootin' of the Kaiser; can't you hear the
 bullets bing?
 I hope my boy is at the front a-givin' him his fling;
 And the sock that I am knittin' goes with love upon the
 wing —
 For they're shootin' of the Kaiser in the morning."

MRS. CHARLES LEX BROOKE

*"With apology where it belongs — but certainly Socks should go with
Boots!"*

Socks, socks, socks, socks,
Everybody knitting them, all our soldiers wearing
them —

Socks, socks, socks, socks —
To the left, to the right, to the left again,
Knitting, knitting everywhere,
For the brave lads over there —

(How the cooties make them swear!)

Socks, socks, socks to the death —

(Oh! I am all out of breath — but)

Socks, socks, socks socks! FLORENCE E. BROOKE

My dear Mr. Sunday Sun,
You have us all on the run;
 We long for those hanks
 To make socks for the Yanks,
My dear Mr. Sunday Sun.

My dear Mr. Sunday Sun,
The fun has only begun;
 The boys will delight
 To stand up and fight
In the socks of The Sunday Sun.

FLORENCE E. BROOKE

Soldier boys, soldier boys, will you tell us true,
Are the socks we knit at home fit to offer you?
Do they keep your poor feet warm in the trenches' mire,
Can you stand and fight in them through the Hun's hot
fire?

As you pass through No Man's Land, on that strip of
death,
O'er the Top with winged feet climb with gasping
breath,
May the touch of home knit socks prove a magic charm,
Shielding you in time of stress, guarding you from
harm!

IRENE BRUSH

Tom and Dick and Harry laughed
 When Bob (whose wits are good)
 Was taught to knit by pretty Nan
 And soon found out he could!

But yesterday behind the hedge
 I saw them to a man,
 Tom, Dick and Harry, knitting socks
 With Bob and pretty Nan.

P. S. Tom, Dick, Harry and Bob are all a little too young to enlist.

DOROTHY A. BUCK

A pair of socks, a pair of socks
 Some chicken sent to me
 While in a camp at Alabam'
 In the month of January.
 They made me warm while it did storm
 And they brought comfort to my feet.
 So I give thanks when I fill my shanks
 With the socks some chicken sent to me.
 Those socks have gone from Alabam'
 To out here in the West,
 Where I can't use them or abuse them
 In the way that I love best;
 And I'm going to wear them if the Huns will spare
 them
 When I fight for the Red, White and Blue.
 So I'll fight like the dickens if only some chickens
 Will make some more socks for me.

CORPORAL P. W. BUDWORTH

Battery D, Third Field Artillery, Camp Doniphan, Okla. (Regulars)

There are fields all red with battle,
Where the poppies bloom in France,
And the golden sunbeams light them,
And lend them strange romance,
So may the sun of Victory
Shine through and reach your heart
And send you strength and valor
To play the hero's part.

MRS. JAMES R. BUIST

WITH APOLOGIES FROM THE KNITTER

'Fraid they're not just quite as nice as I would have
them be,
Shape is kind of bulky, least it seems that way to me.
But, oh, I wished to have them look so very extra fine,
To send out there to you who fight way up in the front
line.
And if I've failed you'll understand how very hard I
tried,
Perhaps they're not just perfect, but they're mighty
warm inside!

LILLA BURNS

I have but very little time
To think of making up a rhyme —
I have to knit and knit and knit
And work and try to do my bit.
I'm making now a sock of gray
For the sailors in their blue array
Who are convoying our ships to France
So the Sammies can make the Kaiser dance!
EMILIE BUSHNELL (aged 12)

There's a lass that loves a soldier boy from Capricorn
to Mars.
There's a thousand wishes every night to hang on all
the stars,
There are socks were knit on fearful days, on cheerful
days and tearful days,
But, lassies, have you knit the socks that they'll be
wearing home?

You have knit the ones they wore at St. Mihiel, Chateau
Thierry,
The infantry, the engineers, the field artillery;
The socks they wore on dreary days, on cheery days and
weary days,
But don't forget to knit the socks that they'll be wear-
ing home!

W. BUSHNELL

The gray ones were for Jamie,
The purple ones for Ted,
But the ones I made for you, my dear,
Were very white and red.

I can't remember Jamie's size,
And Teddy's love likes blue,
But mine are long and khaki and
Exclusively for you.

WINTHROP BUSHNELL*

Stitches and stitches, rows upon rows, sweater and
wristlet, helmet and hose.

Needles aflashing like bayonets bright,
Weaving warm garments from morning till night
To comfort and strengthen our boys for the fight.
Keep knitting, keep knitting, keep knitting.

Stitches and stitches, rows upon rows, sweater and
wristlet, helmet and hose.

Use every spare moment from early till late,
Knit while you're resting and knit while you wait;
'T will help keep the enemy back from the gate.
Keep knitting, keep knitting, keep knitting.

MRS. M. B. BUTLER*

"What's that you say? Me knit a sock in summer
time? Well, I guess not.

A tennis game is bad enough without my handling that
hot stuff."

"I can't," another one replies. "I have had trouble
with my eyes,"

And with a somewhat guilty look she covers up a well
read book.

"Oh, really, no," some others say. "My parlor must
be cleaned today,

Perhaps I'll help you later on when all this cleaning
work is done."

And many more excuses make while our boys' lives are
now at stake.

Forgetting in their souls so small the men who now are
giving all.

But yet, thank God, a million hands throughout our
patriotic lands

Will knit and knit and knit and knit, each trying hard
to do "her bit."

A. P. B.

Miss Marjorie Voredge put into cold storage
 (And she got it there none too soon)
All the wool she could buy, were the price low or high
 (For this war will not finish in June).

Then she gave up her bridge club —
 Tennis and golf club;
Her “tattin” laid quickly away.
And now she is sitting contentedly knitting
 On socks that are khaki or gray.

A. R. B.

My needles are knitting and purling and evenly nar-
 rowing toes,
For my soldier boys brave I am making comfy and
 warm woolen hose.
Now here's to the khaki clad heroes, be they blonde or
 brunette, stout or thin,
And I hope that the socks I am knitting will march
 with them straight to Berlin.

MRS. GEORGE E. CAMPBELL

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB (REVISED)

It followed Mary's beau around,
 For he loved Mary, too;
And so he loved the lamb, of course,
 As everybody knew.

When Mary's beau went off to war —
 For fear he might forget her,
The lamb still followed — but, alas!
 He got there as a sweater.

MRS. EMMA N. CARLETON***

THE GIRLS WE LEAVE BEHIND US

As the train moved out the soldiers were singing. — News Item

Oh, grand'ma, mother, Sister Sue —
 With aunts Jane, Clara, Ellen —
 Likewise, our cousins, Kate, Mayme, Drue,
 And sweethearts, Maud, Rose, Helen!

These socks you knit us, tootle-tootle-too!
 Blest be the ties that bind us —
 Will bring us back — yes, tootle-tootle-oo!
 To girls we've left behind us!

Your prayers will save us, tootle-tootle-oo!
 Dear girls we've left behind us!

MRS. EMMA N. CARLETON

JEANNETTE AND JEANOT

You are going far away —
 Far away from poor Jeannette;
 There's no one left to love me now —
 But indeed you shan't forget;
 Your thoughts will be with me
 Wherever you may roam;
 The knots I knit in these big heels
 Will make you think of home.

Oh, yes, dear heart, these great big knots
 Will make you think of home!

MRS. EMMA N. CARLETON

Swiftly soever as fingers run,
Turning a heel or shaping a toe,
Once around is so little done,
And so many stitches make a row!
Hands grow weary and eyes grow dim,
But he fights for us and we knit for him —
One of our heroes — whoever he be,
Somebody loves him and so do we.
We knit for feet that never fly,
We knit for men who dare to die.

ANTOINETTE G. CASS

Five little stitches sitting in a row,
Slip off the first one; watch the needles go,
Four little purlettes cast there side by side,
Waiting for the moment of their frisky ride.

Three tiny stitches standing up just so,
Binding off the heel piece and starting in the toe;
Two husky purls only just begun,
To do their very worst against a watchful Hun,
One lonely loop looks up and smiles at me.
And now no more stitches, but a sock do I see.

HELEN L. CATTON.

My fingers cease from knitting in the early twilight
 gloom,
 And the flickering shadows mock me, dancing all about
 the room;
 There are pictures in the firelight as I watch the blue
 flames dance —
 Rows and rows of rough-hewn crosses on a hillside in
 far France.
 Firelight pictures bring back memories of the golden
 days of yore
 When I was five-and-twenty and he was only four;
 When we saw enchanting visions of the man he was to
 be!
 Oh, if he could only be tonight the baby on my knee!
 But my cross is there before me as the bright flames
 leap and dance —
 With those other wooden crosses in God's acre, far in
 France.

A. H. CAVIN*

A MOTHER'S SOCK SONG

Each day with fainting heart I read the list
 Of dead and wounded — yet, perchance I missed
 The one, dear name — I read again — not there!
 My radiant heart sends out a thankful prayer.
 But while I knit, this song within my heart
 Quite suddenly has ceased and with a start
 I think of all those other mothers, too,
 Who read the list each day, just as I do,
 And reading, find the name of a loved son.
 Humbled, I pray, "God bless us, every one."

MRS. E. D. CAVIN

In her deft hands the skeins of gray change into perfect
hose.

“A circle of New England hills bounds all the world she
knows,” —

Yet as she knits she flies to France to fight her country's
foes.

She sees one face in all that land,

One flag — red, white and blue.

A glorious peace, a baptized land

Emerging, meets her view.

Then her son comes safely home again —

God make her day dreams true.

ETTA HELENA CHASE*

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

We two commune while alone I sit,

Some pink bootees and gray socks I knit;

Castles we build, my soul full of joy,

I dare to wish — it will be a boy!

Just like his Dad now fighting in France —

Freedom for all, by gun, tank or lance.

Hark! 't is the mail — away rolls my ball,

Dear heart be brave, we owe it to all.

No word from him—? We shall be content —

Half sun, half shade, earthly life is blent.

MAY TERRY CHRISTIAN

Patriots, knit on! Our soldiers need cheer,
 Warm socks for comfort as winter draws near,
 The Kaiser brought war, rapacious for gain,
 To conquer the world by hypocrisy.
 Women and children are tortured and slain!
 Despotism, they call it AUTOCRACY.
 Barbarians, these! Our flag bears no stain,
 Liberty for all and DEMOCRACY!

TO ARMS! All who can, go show them the light!
 Each soul exalted, full conscious of right!

MAY TERRY CHRISTIAN

Knitting and musing on fond days now past,
 Each stitch a heart-throb woven into sock.
 "Baby loves muvver," the tune will long last;
 His heart is still mine — the wind? no, a knock.

A maiden fair, yet timid and sad,
 "You are Tom's mother — I just had to come" —
 She faltered, sobbing — she loves him, my lad!
 Needles are slipping through fingers now numb.

Ah! true love helps lads — young hearts will entwine—
 His socks were then pressed twixt her heart and mine.

MAY TERRY CHRISTIAN***

Here's to our boys, fearless and true,
 Valiant soldiers, we knit for you —
 Our hope and love each stitch combines,
 Our faith in you the wool entwines.
 Victory is your song!

Here's to knitters, soldiers are they,
 Though hearts beat fast, their needles sway —
 They knit and smile, helping with pride
 The onward march — the forward stride!
 Victory is their song!

MAY TERRY CHRISTIAN

Fighting with a brave heart,
 Knitting with a will —
 Every one shall have a part
 In settling Kaiser Bill.

CINDERELLA

I am doing my bit as I knit, knit, knit,
 That's the cause of this clicking and rattle,
 Every heel and each toe must be made just so
 On these socks for our brave boys in battle.
 I must have the best yarn, I don't give a darn,
 Though it takes my last cent, I'm no miser.
 Every stitch must be right for the laddies who fight,
 While they're "getting the goat" of the Kaiser.

BERTHA J. CLEMANS

A(RED)CROS(S)TIC

Round the tables quickly come,
 Each must do her bit at home;
 Do not hesitate.

Come and work with all your heart.
 Rouse each one to do her part,
 Over There they've gone to fight,
 Stitch or knit with all your might,
 Serve, 'ere 'tis too late!

MRS. J. P. CLEMENTS

THE WAR BRIDE'S SOCK SONG

Come back, I'm waiting, I'm longing for you!
 That is what my needles sing,
 Clicking on my wedding ring.
 As I knit the hours away
 So I sing and so I pray.
 All my little war bride soul
 Sings that you will make your goal,
 Prays that it be safely won;
 Come back then, my patriot one!
 Come back, I'm waiting, I'm longing for you.

EVE OWEN COCHRAN

We will send a sock song every week until the contest's
 done
 And every Sunday at the stand we'll buy a Sunday Sun.
 For we learn from those sock songs that come from near
 and far
 That while you knit you do your bit to help to win the
 war;
 In all the wars for Liberty the women made their mark,
 And if you want to see them knit just walk through
 Central Park.
 Why, there's not a rusty needle from Rio Grande to
 Maine,
 So the boys will not be short of socks till they return
 again.

E. COLGAN

HIS HELMET

Dear friends, through much experiment this vital truth
I've found:
To make your soldier "comfy" you should knit his
helmet "round."
The capes on needles two you knit, with stitches six and
fifty.
One hundred twelve, on needles four, make headpiece
neat and nifty.
Like socks ribbed cuff, knit four, purl four, keep knitting
round and round,
Six inches, till you reach the place the opening must be
found.
Cast thirty stitches off, and knit just back and forth,
three inches,
Make thirty more for those you dropped, the rest I'm
sure a cinch is.
Five inches knit, then narrow off in rounds not less than
forty.
Result — no seams to scratch. Good wear. A helmet
nice and sporty.

MRS. HELEN COMBES

PANACEA

I used to knit because it seemed the proper thing to do,
So great the harvest needed, the laborers so few,
Some mother's boy would wear the socks, and com-
forted would be,
Thank God! mine did not need them; he was safe at
home with me.

But he has gone! and now I knit to dull the poignant
ache;
If I should sit with folded hands my lonely heart would
break.

O blessed task that helps my soul to face the untried
 way,
 With some small meed of courage, to wait and watch
 and pray;
 To hope that till it's over, my share of Saxon grit
 Will keep my heart from breaking while I knit, knit,
 knit.

MRS. HELEN COMBES

To aid the bleeding nations to quell a wicked foe
 We see our soldiers marching to strike the final blow.
 We hear the bugle calling, we hear the sharp command —
 We're coming, too, our country — the knitters of the
 land.

We'll send the cross of mercy, we'll give and work and
 sew,
 We'll fight the battles here are home and o'er the top
 we'll go
 To gather all our forces to back the soldier band —
 We're coming on, our country — the knitters of the
 land.

MRS. J. A. COOK

The women who knit
 Are doing their bit;
 The men at the front give their all.
 Then let us do more
 Than socks by the score
 In response to humanity's call.
 Time, money and love
 And faith from above
 Let us give for our boys, bless them all!

H. T. COOKE

Do you remember, dear, the day
You held my yarn for me to wind,
When in each other's eyes we read
The love till then but half divined?

Today I sit alone and knit,
While you are far across the sea,
But in my fancy still you sit
Holding my yarn outstretched for me.

H. T. COOKE

Over There, Over There,
Send a pair, send a pair Over There;
For the socks are coming, the socks are coming,
The needles are humming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer
And send it with your socks Over There.
For they're over, they're going over,
And they'll need lots of socks
When they're over, Over There.

H. T. COOKE

The Prussian must be punished and Von Hindenburg
be beat;
We can't allow old Kaiser Bill to keep his lofty seat.
Our boys have got a man's job, both for days of chill and
heat,
We must send them cheer and comfort so they'll never
get "cold feet."
So get your needles busy making socks both stout and
neat,
For we want to see our Sammies marching down a
Berlin street.

EDGAR T. CORFIELD

Knitting and sighing? ah, nay, nay.
 Knitting and singing, that's the way!
 Keep the faith and the courage high,
 Cheer the boys when they say good-bye
 (Knit and purl and eight inches plain),
 Here's to the day they come home again!

EMILY SEYMOUR CORT***

It's only a little bit I can do,
 But I can knit stockings, brave boys, for you
 Stockings so soft, so thick and so warm,
 To help keep your tired feet from harm
 As you march onward with strong, steady tread,
 Till the stockings are worn to the merest thread,
 Though faster and faster the dread bombs come,
 Have courage, we're knitting and praying at home.
 Take them and wear them, boys brave and true,
 The stockings we gladly are knitting for you.

SARAH ISHAM CORT

In the kitchen window I am knitting today,
 Each round makes the sock grow longer.
 I make heel and toe in the Kitchener way
 Because we think they are stronger.

We read of the boys who are doing their best;
 (My big brown eyed boy is "Over There," too) —
 With a prayer in my heart I knit with a zest
 More socks for the boys of the Red, White and Blue.

MRS. COWPERTHWAIT

Dear Yankee soldier, tell me true,
 Does the sock I knit, honor bright, fit you?
 For if it doesn't I'll knit another,
 You can give this pair to a soldier brother.

RUTH FORBES CRAMER

You say you are weary of knitting
 On endless sweaters and hose?
 You're tired of khaki worsted,
 And also of blue, I suppose?
 Just think, if the British and Frenchmen
 Had said they were weary, too,
 That no longer they'd fight for Belgium,
 For liberty, honor and you!
 For shame! knit on to the finish,
 Knit fast for the Red, White and Blue.

RUTH FORBES CRAMER

Now he's sailing o'er the sea,
 Sailing far away from me,
 I'm knitting socks with tender care.
 For him.

And when he's on the fighting line,
 With steady nerve and eyes that shine
 I'll still be knitting hard on socks
 For him.

LOUISE W. CUDDY**

THE KNITTING ARMY

Needles of ivory, wood or steel
 Steadily clicking away,
 What do the knitters think and feel
 As they narrow the toe or turn the heel
 Of the countless socks of gray?

They feel that the knitters are soldiers too,
 With an army a million strong.
 Till the war is finished their work's to do
 And the needles so steady and swift and true
 Are clicking their marching song,

E. H. C.

Blessings on thee, socks of tan
Knit for a dear, brave soldier man,
To keep him warm and fit and clean,
To down the Kaiser, oh so mean;
Mid shot and shell he'll walk away
With trophies in the Germany fray:
And when this war is "said and done"
He'll give "cold feet" to the vicious Hun.

MARGARET L. DANES

I'm knitting for that soldier lad whom every day we
meet,
Name may be Algernon De Smith or Arizona Pete;
He faces trouble with a smile, beneath which courage
lies.
He never is a pessimist with hat pulled over eyes.
Accept these socks, then, Sammy boy, and radiate good
cheer,
And wear your optimistic hat atilt above your ear.

MARY L. DANN*

When this mad war began pray who could knit socks
Save a grandma or two with gray in her locks?
Now at home or abroad you can see at a glance
We all of us knit for our heroes in France.

We all of us knit for we all of us care
For the soldiers and sailors who fight Over There.
So women must knit and men must fight on
Till "Old Glory" comes home with the victory well won.

M. DE WITT

These socks are empty, save this little note,
But oh, if I could fill them what a store
Of love and cheer; 't would weight the very boat
So that it could not carry any more.

But then my selfishness would be amiss
To other lads now waiting for their share,
And so these socks are empty, only this
Wee note to keep you smiling Over There!

ROSLYN DI BELLA

“MISTER” EDITOR:
When the sock contest songs,
With their tingle and roar
Arrived with a zest and a bang
Straightway I conceded
To write one or more
And six I concocted and sang.

But alas and alack!
Rejected those six:
I lost all my courage and trust
And refused to write more
(For I felt sad and sore)
Though I thought with those songs
I would bust.

And rather than that
I've submitted three more,
And please “Mister” Editor, please,
Will you print only one
Oh, do print just one,
And you'll put my feelings at ease.

ROSLYN DI BELLA

HIAWATHA COMES TO WARN OUR KNITTERS PIGGISH

Knitters ever, ceasing never
Turning wool 'round soft white fingers,
Wool to cover dainty dresses,
Made of colors like the rainbow.
Do you stand in trenches fighting
To uphold the cause of Freedom?
Rip your sweater, quick transform it
Into socks for foot-sore soldiers.

This came with the above:

Like autumn, I am here again,
Like the Liberty Loan I appear again.
As Hiawatha I'm seer again
And I hope you'll spare me some space again.
Yours for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

ROSLYN DI BELLA

BABY HELPS

My daddy's gone out there to fight for me.
'At's what he says, and muvver taught me how
To knit a wash cloth. I'm just half-past three.
But 'nen it isn't fair, for muvver now
Is knitting real things Daddy he can wear.
"He'll never need the wash cloth, muvver, dear,"
But muvver says "He'll wear it on his heart
And 'nen he'll feel his baby's always near."

ROSLYN DI BELLA

Till we've made him wiser,
Wise enough to quit,
Sock it to the Kaiser!
Knit and knit and knit!

MARY DOTY

It's easy enough to write plain prose,
 Then if a thing's said that's sufficient;
 But sock songs must rhyme,
 And it takes little time
 To find that I'm quite inefficient.

I knitted all through the long winter,
 But if now in the shade of the trees
 I must needs call the muse
 For the yarn that I use,
 I fear some poor soldier will freeze.

MRS. H. A. DOWLING

WITH A PAIR OF SOCKS

Please send these to a sailor man
 Who loves the ocean fair;
 Not one who does his cruising in
 The Good Ship Swivelchair.
 Then ho, for every laddie —
 Or lassie, either one —
 Who will take a chance with danger
 And beat him on the run,
 For Uncle Sam is there to see
 The race is fairly won!

MATILDA DREISBACH.

While the twilight shades are falling
 Threads of fancy I am twining
 With the "olive drab" combining;
 Listening to a voice that's calling
 From beyond the sea. That call
 Stays the polished shaft's quick motion
 Makes the glistening teardrops fall.
 This is why I love my wool,
 Thinking of my soldier son.
 This is why "My bit" is done.

SAMUEL DUNLOP

I often turn in fancy to a corner passing dear,
 The corner where my mother's workbox stands,
 To the thimble and the scissors and the polished knit-
 ting spear

That did such valiant service in her hands.
 Her faithful heart has always borne the burden of my ill;
 She'd give a lot for sight of me today.

I see her as she used to knit — and mother's knitting
 still

For me and other boys in France. God spare her
 now, I pray!

SAMUEL DUNLOP**

Here a knot is in the worsted,
 See how carefully I hide it!
 Just so carefully I tied it
 When to future skill I trusted
 For concealment of the knot.
 That's the way with woman's sorrow,
 Hidden pain is half forgot
 In the bustle of the morrow.
 And our lives seem joyous still,
 Though they bury many an ill.

SAMUEL DUNLOP

South of the Marne is a single grave on the hillside in
 the sun,
 And down below is a group of three — the high tide of
 the Hun.

That tide has since ebbed far away. From the Meuse
 to the Belgian line
 The Yankee boys are fighting now. Next year they'll
 be at the Rhine.

But I can't rejoice as I thought I could, as I sit and
 wind my yarn,
 For my heart lies in the lonely grave on the hillside by
 the Marne.

MARGARET R. DURFEE

KNITTING SONG

I am sitting here and knitting for our boys across the
 sea,
And my thoughts are for the little lad that never came
 to me.
Oh, little son of hopes and dreams — oh, little lad of
 mine,
The glory and the agony of war will ne'er be thine.
So I'm knitting socks for other's sons who march to
 Picardy.

Our sons of dear America — God give you victory,
With men of Britain, men of France and sons of Italy.
We breathe a prayer for those who lie where scarlet
 poppies nod,
Who gave their young lives cheerfully for country and
 for God,
So I'm knitting socks to clothe the feet that march for
 liberty.

E. F. D.

Knit socks till the war's won,
Bring the hanks of wool,
Wind the yarn and cast it on
Three needles full.
Knit and purl, purl and knit,
Then plain around to heel;
Turn it well and gusset it,
Plain now "aweel;"
"Kitchener's" — the toe we like,
Makes easier the soldier's hike.

L. S. D.

A pair of socks for the feet that will go
 "Over the top" to punish the foe.
 A trillion pairs, and then some more
 For the lads who keep the "wolf" from our door.

Knitting, knitting, all the day
 For the lad who's far away.
 Now a stitch and then another
 For the husband, son or lover. M. B. EARLEY

The rapture of the knitting
 And the prospect of the fitting
 Are only minor joys, the knitter feels;
 Her mind would be less troubled
 And the lives of socks be doubled
 If she had a chance to mend them
At the heels,
 NETTIE S. EDWARDS

An army we knitters are,
 The title we claim is meet,
 If we answer not the call "To arms"
 We answer the call "To feet."
MRS. AMY W. EGGLESTON

O sock that goes to him
 Who's fighting far away,
 Protect him, guard him,
 Strengthen him in the fray!

O little sock that's been with me
 So many years at home,
 Help me, strengthen me,
 For whatever news may come!
MRS. AMY W. EGGLESTON

When I was one and twenty
And you were twenty-two
A pair of baby's silken socks
I knit with much ado.

Now you are more than forty
And I'm — not twenty-one —
And this time the socks are worsted
Going to our soldier son.

MRS. AMY W. EGGLESTON***

I must accept my woman's fate
To stay at home — and wait.
Wait — though keen anguish clutches at my heart.
Wait — while busily I do my part.
When messenger or post stops at the gate
I see but a dread harbinger of fate.
Still must I knit my socks —
And wait.

MRS. AMY W. EGGLESTON

The old maid sits and knits her socks,
No spectre dread at her heart knocks;
She does not lie awake at night
To tremble for the morning's fight;
She does not see him wounded, dead,
Or in some prison camp instead;
No message will to her bring sorrow,
She calmly waits upon to-morrow.
But, ah! her peace is dearly won —
If but those socks were for her son!

MRS. AMY W. EGGLESTON

Oh, his wooing was quick and his wooing was bold,
 For a soldier has not time
 To court a maid as in days of old
 With gifts of song and rhyme.
 She answered him neither yes or nay,—
 When she knew her mind he had sailed away.

So she sent him a pair of woolen socks
 Fashioned with finest art;
 "Be careful, I pray, of these socks," she wrote,
 "As in them you'll find my heart."

MRS. AMY W. EGGLESTON

I knit him socks to wear away (my salt tears were their
 christening);
 I knit him socks to wear in France in all the battle's
 din;
 Oh! today I'm knitting cheerily, today I'm knitting
 merrily,
 For I'm knitting on the socks he'll wear when marching
 to Berlin.

I knit him socks for Flanders mud (oh! my needles
 worked so wearily),
 I wove curses on the Kaiser, sure I felt it was no sin;
 But now, the fairies helping me, my fingers fly so joy-
 fully,
 For I'm knitting on the socks he'll wear when entering
 Berlin!

MRS. AMY W. EGGLESTON**

Hurrah! Hurrah! for here they come,
 A band of knitters with bugle and drums.
 Their needles for bayonets, their bags for flags,
 Hats off! Hurrah! no knitters will lag.
 Proudly they step, for "The Sunday Sun"
 Says never stop knitting till the war is won.

F. C. ESSELSTYN

Grandma sits in her easy chair
Knitting away, knitting away;
And she thinks of the boys "Over There"
Who the gray socks will wear.
And wishes the war would cease
And the boys might come and stay
In this beautiful land of peace.

MRS. MARIA B. EVANS

Knit five, knit two and turn —
O my lad in the trenches of Right,
Where are your thoughts while I sit here and knit?
Could it be they are with me tonight?

Knit six, knit two and — what?
I've forgotten to narrow, you say?
Quite true! But I don't understand —
My thoughts must have wandered away!

KATHERINE FERRIS

SONG OF THE SOCKS

We will sing once more as we sang of yore,
When Rhoda Farrand in chair of state,
From dawn's first gleam, in a slow ox team,
Told the tale at each neighbor's gate;
They carded and spun until we were done,
A big wheel stood on each kitchen floor,
All day we grew; we were firm and true,
For we were the socks the soldiers wore!

MRS. H. P. FISHER***

TO ONE WHO WOULD NOT LEARN TO KNIT

Here in still New England are brisk, bright mornings
And long, golden afternoons without alarms or warn-
ings.

The patchwork hills lie well content beneath the Au-
tumn sun,
The orchard trees are bent with fruit, and harvesting
is done.

The shell-wracked soil of Flanders a richer harvest
yields,
And death walks terribly to reap those grim, unlovely
fields.

And there are men in Flanders who battle for the right,
Who die to guard for you and me this home of all de-
light —

And yet you yawn and say it's much too hard for you to
do;
Too hard! To knit for those who fight to keep your
home for you!

NANCY FORD*

THE SOCKS' SONG

Qouth the socks: "We've just been knitted, shaped
 and fitted, all with care,
 Every stitch is strong and steady, we are ready for our
 share,
 And we want to hasten faster to our master Over There.

"When the dreary march is longest and the strongest
 weary grow,
 When the Flanders mud is thickest and the quickest
 faltering go,

"When the ration train is tardy and the hardy fail and
 faint,
 And the swaying column stumbles as it grumbles its
 complaint,

"When at last the march is over, and to cover he has
 won,
 We'll be waiting for our doughboy, warm, and, oh, boy!
 dry as fun!
 Just a bit of comfort lending, for the ending of the
 Hun."
 NANCY FORD*

A MOTHER KNITS

Heel and toe, and away we go
 To crush into nothing the foe, the foe.
 March with a will and last till the day
 When my dear soldier lad comes back from the fray.

Knitting the stitches, deep into my brain
 Thoughts come, so many (two purl and two plain)
 How can I wait till I see him again?

JANE FRASER

A PERFECT "FIT" IN TEN LINES

The spiral sock is the best of all
 For heroes of war both short and tall.
 Twenty-four stitches each needle must hold
 Of yarn, not too coarse nor in color too bold.
 A top piece three inches of "threes" plain and purl,
 Then advance with a four instead, my dear girl;
 And every five rows advance once again
 Till twenty-two inches you then will attain.
 Two inches allotted for a Kitchener toe,
 Then good-bye, and good luck and off they must go.

JANE FRASER***

Out on the lawn are a couple of sheep,
 And in the autumn I'll shear 'em;
 Spin out the wool and knit it in socks
 So that my Sammy can wear 'em.

JULIA B. FRENCH

With modest gaze and eyes cast down
 At the soldiers' feet as they march through town
 With the knitting kit and knit, knit, knit,
 We look and wonder if the socks will fit
 The feet of the big brave boys in brown
 Who give their lives while we only knit
 The socks for their feet, such a wee, wee bit.
 Every stitch a prayer for our boys Over There.
 And we'll knit and pray for a homecoming day.
 The band soon will play that same bright way,
 And the big bass drum calls come, come, come.

MRS. FRANCES BRAY GADDIS

Sing a song of six socks,
 All neatly in a row.
 Rows of pearly stitches
 From topmost down to toe.

When these socks are sent, sir,
 I hope that you will see
 That this is what we do at home
 To help you over seas. A. A. GAINES

Here's to the needles that knit for our boys,
 To solace their sorrows, to add to their joys,
 They knit fast the bond that no distance can sever,
 Our Stars and our Stripes and our Union forever.
 H. T. GALE***

Wine, women and song have helped the world to be gay,
 Drink to the women who knit,
 It is they who are saving the day.
 Sing while you knit
 A song that comes from your heart,
 Knit while you sing
 A sock that will not rip apart.
 Wine, women and song have helped the world to be gay,
 Women's sock songs are helping the world to-day.
 R. GERSON

TIME WILL WIN — KNIT A TWIN!

In days of the not so long ago
 Twin boys played around the bungalow.
 For us it was mend and darn and sew;
 Little toes soon wear through, you know.

There are no boys in the cottage now.
 One in France, one at the chaser's bow,
 Beg for socks, so our needles obey,
 Twin socks are knit the Anzac way.

MRS. MARY K. GIBBONS

MY SOCKS

If they go to a lad with ne'er kith or kin
 May they warm his heart as his feet slip in;
 May they take him a message of friendship and cheer,
 While he fights for us there we will knit for him here.

If they go to a lad with loved ones at home
 May they lighten his load wherever he roam
 And tell him I'm knitting gay thoughts and a smile
 Into each stitch to cheer him awhile.
 Keep him strong, keep him warm through cold and
 through rain!
 Bring him, mine or another's, home safely again!

MARY GIBSON**

Wool knits;
 Sam hits;
 Sock grows,
 Warms those
 Who fight
 For right.
 Knit more —
 Win war.

JOSEPHINE GILLIS

I am only a little girl
 But I am doing my bit
 By helping the grown-ups knit socks,
 And God grant my prayer
 To watch our boys Over There
 And bring them home safe
 To all longing mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers,
 That is a child's prayer.

SOPHIE PRESLEY GLEMBY

I've been thinking very quietly of some socks I knit
 this year,
 With fond hopes some boys in Europe may consider
 them most dear,
 For I sweated good and plenty while I worked —though
 now I say
 "That 's all right! They'll be the warmer for a future
 frosty day!"
 So, I trust those Yanks in Europe, when they're feeling
 cold and tired,
 May receive a double blessing, and conclude I was in-
 spired!

L. GLEN

Miss Needle winked her only eye
 At thin, long Mr. Thread,
 And kissed his two round spool lips while
 Pa Thimble snored in bed.
 Pa Thimble 'woke — Ma Wool then spoke —
 And now they all four sit
 Thread Thimble
 Together thus: Ne edle and work for us,
 Wool
 And knit and knit and knit. JORGE GODOY**

TWO SUN'S SONS

 "Sun"
 The Sunday of old New York
 Son
 Gazed at the Sun on high,
 That wondrous, glorious, golden Sun,
 Son of old father Sky.
 And said: " While you
 Shine for us two
 In this fine summer weather,
 And I give 3
 Wool prizes, we
 Will do our " bit " together."

JORGE GODOY

LA CANCION DEL SOLDADO

Esta dulce canción el soldado cantó:

“A la Francia me voy mas no llores por mí
Porque el alma que ayer tan gozosa latió
Seguirá palpitando muy cerca de tí.”

A la guerra se fué; de la guerra volvió,
Y esta dulce canción el soldado cantó:
“La lana Esperanza que el Amor nos hilo
Te ha traído el alma que tanto te amó.”

JORGE GODOY***

(The Verses in English)

This is the song that the soldier sung
To his sweetheart fair and chaste and young:
“I go to France, but remember, dear,
My beating heart will be always near.”

He went—came back, happy, proud and strong,
And again the soldier sung this song:
“The wool of hope that love knitted, dear,
From Over There brought me Over Here.”

JORGE GODOY

WRITE! FIGHT! KNIT!

Poet, write!
Soldier, fight!
Woman sit
Down, and knit!
Write! Fight! Knit!
Do your bit!
Writing! Fighting!
Knitting for
Uncle Sam will
WIN THE WAR!

JORGE GODOY

SOCK SONGS

KNIT IT

Knit it
 For your war
 Beau. Sew! So
 He she we
 You too
 Will still
 Be free. See?
 Knit it!

JORGE GODOY

Sweethearts young and pure and fair;
 Soldiers brave beyond compare;
 Sweethearts here and soldiers there;
 Sweethearts, soldiers, everywhere.
 Sweet sweethearts that do their share
 Knitting with both pride and care
 Socks our soldiers love to wear,
 Soldiers of the land, sea, air;
 Sweethearts here and soldiers there
 Knitting, fighting, everywhere.

JORGE GODOY

MY SOLDIER GIRL

I have a little soldier girl
 Whose teeth seem made of genuine pearl,
 Whose little hands are soft and white,
 Whose eyes shine like the stars at night.

I love a little soldier girl
 Whose nimble little fingers twirl
 The wool she knits with care and art,
 Who is such a sweet, sweet, sweetheart;
 Who knits and sets my brain a-whirl;
 God bless my little soldier girl!

JORGE GODOY.

THE MOTHER'S SONG

It seems only yesterday
 When I kissed my baby boy,
 And he used to smile and play
 And he filled my heart with joy.

It seems only yesterday
 When I placed him on my knee,
 And now he has gone away,
 Gone to fight to make men free.

And I knit and kneel and pray:
 "God protect him ev'ry day."

JORGE GODOY

The toe is very easy, as most all people think,
 But the first pair that I knitted were surely on the blink.
 One toe was square and funny, as funny as could be.
 I was told I should have sent it right over to Germany.

DOROTHY B. GOODWIN

To send the Huns down to *de-feet*, —
 And do it very soon — it
 Is up to you, O ladies sweet,
 Just join some Uknit Unit.
 There ply your needles thick and fast.
 Socks, socks, more socks, — you said it!
 When victory is ours at last
 To you will go the credit.

HENRY GOODWIN

Knit, knit, knit for the soldiers gone over the sea,
Click, click, click till you've knitted another like me.
O the sailor keeps watch in the masthead
And the sniper looks out from his tree,
For Democracy's call is the watchword for all
Till the world and its kingdoms are free.
So knit, knit, knit for the lads who are over the sea,
And click, keep the needles a knitting
Till you've knitted another like me.

GEORGE GRADY

Clickety click the needles go,
Fast and slow, fast and slow.
List, the brave chorus everywhere,
Clicked by fingers worn and old, or chubby and fair;
But the rune of the needles is never sad
As it echoes o'er hill and burn —
"Here's love and good cheer to each soldier lad
And a prayer for his safe return."
From morn till eve how the needles go,
Singing for comfort and victory, oh!

A GRANDMOTHER

Oh, say, do you knit for the men Over There,
Who will gallantly fight till the foe is defeated,
Who need warm and soft socks, that in comfort they
wear,
As they valiantly fight till their task is completed.
Then wool we must take, and fine socks we must make
For the boys at the front, who are there for our sake.

Oh, say, let those tri-colored needles ne'er stop
Till they finish the toe and go over the top.

MRS. CHAS. C. GRANT

What shall I do for a soldier boy
Who's doing so much for me to-day?
A pair of socks may cheer him;
I shall knit them without delay.

The socks may wear out
But the memory will still remain
When I send them to a soldier
Who's fighting near Alsace-Lorraine.

JAMES N. GREENE (aged 11)

With no sock vender
And no sock mender
At hand to keep them fit;
On a steady supply
The boys reply,
So this is no time to quit!
Then sing and knit,
Sing and knit;
"The Sun" will help you
To do your bit!

LUCILE GRIFFITH

Not long ago — it seems so near —
A little tot was romping here,
And tangling up his mother's yarn
While she his little socks would darn.

Not long ago — it seems so near —
A youthful, healthy lad stood here.
"Good-by, dear mother, duty calls,
With us now justice stands or falls."
He left, and I am sitting here
And knitting socks his heart to cheer.

I. H. GRUBBE**

FIGHTING SONS

The sun was gilding Italy's hills
 When Pietro went away,
 And sunny France was ne'er so sweet
 To Marcel as that August day.
 Brave Tommy blinked away a tear
 As England's shores grew dim,
 And our boy in khaki heaved a sigh,
 For his land was dear to him.
 But go on your way, boys in khaki or blue,
 For you know there's a mother a-knitting for you!

SERGEANT WALLACE N. GUTHRIE***

TWILIGHT

As my fingers grope uncertain,
 In the fading after-glow,
 And night's soft descending curtain
 Halts at last my stitches slow;
 Then your image looms before me,
 With its memories brave and blest,
 And the mother that adores thee
 Proudly heeds the call to rest.

STEPHEN HAFF.*

SOCK SONG IN TWO "SOCKS"

In lieu of sending you one of my locks,
 I forward herewith a pair o' wool socks,
 They're downy and soft; won't nettle your skin,
 And I think they will last till you get to Berlin.
 If you should happen the Kaiser to meet,
 Just tell him you've never felt cold in the feet.
 And when o'er his palace our flag you unfurl,
 Please give a loud whoop for the

American Girl.

MATILDA B. HAGEMANN

"We plough the verdant meadows and sow the fur-
 rowed land,
 But yet the waving harvest depends on God's own
 hand."
 You plant a richer harvest, on deeper furrowed soil,
 Oh, may our God's hand grant you full reward for all
 your toil,
 And those of us whom age forbids either to plant or
 reap,
 Who sit at home in easy chairs and wake while others
 sleep;
 Who only wield our needles bright, crush down our
 thronging fears,
 And make for you these comforts, unstained by useless
 tears.
 We hope and pray 't will not be long ere victory will
 come
 And you will wear these socks with us at one grand
 "harvest home."

MRS. M. D. HALLACK**

Bring the good old needles, girls, we'll knit another
 pair,
 Knit them with a spirit that will make the Hun beware;
 Knit them for our soldier boys to carry "Over There"
 When they go to get the Kaiser!

Hurrah, hurrah! We'll knit and knit and knit!
 Hurrah, hurrah! We'll do our little bit!
 Knowing that our soldier boys will never, never quit
 Till they have settled the Kaiser!

CLAIRE HARD

Sammie one day of a sudden learned
On which date for France he was sailing,
Complete was his outfit, but one thing he yearned,
Knit socks were the luxury failing.

Sock Song Contestant our Sam became,
Offering well written lines to "The Sun,"
New wool as prize did he soon acclaim,
Gray socks were made, and needs had he none.

FRANK HARLAN

In little old Woodhaven,
On shady Windom street,
A little girl is knitting
Socks for a soldier's feet.

She knits a prayer in each sock
That when the war is done
She will have helped to build the rock
On which was split the Hun.

JANET HATCH

Knitting, knitting every day
For the soldiers far away,
That they may fight the Hun
With bayonet and gun.

Knitting, knitting every day,
For the French children far away,
That they may be warm in the winter's snow and storm.
So keep knitting every day,
And knit without receiving pay.

ROBERT HARTLEY (aged 11)

THEY LEAD US ON

All the colors of the rainbow flash from the polish on our
 guns,
 And we'll keep the spectrum dancing till we polish off
 the Huns,
 We will keep our bayonets knitting up the sunbeams,
 here in France,
 Till the Kaiser and his household, and his cousins and
 his aunts
 All know we're here from o'er the seas and are standing
 in your socks —
 Which gives us all the courage to slam him upon the
 rocks!

MRS. EMILY S. HAWKINS

A RESPONSE FROM FRANCE

Our feet were so warm when your dear socks encased
 them
 That our hearts were kept strong on the tramp to the
 trench,
 We'll never return till you read — "they've erased
 'em" —
 And then we'll turn back, locking arms with the French.

LIDA J. HAWKINS

There was a bit of my heart that was aching and a tear
drop was in my eye,
And my hopes of life seemed blasted and I wanted to
stop — and die.

'T was then your letter came to me from the midst of
the dreadful fray,
And it breathed of hope and courage and the dawn of
another day.

And I thought of myself as a skirker, who had neglected
to do her bit,
I knew naught could be gained with weeping, then I sat
myself down to knit.

LUCILLA G. HAYUN

If this sock
Could but talk,
Soldier Boy,

It would say:
"Fight away,
Soldier Boy!"

With high heart
Do your part,
Soldier Boy.

Victory,
You and Me,
Soldier Boy!

RUTH HENDERSON

Banners are waving, people are saving,
 Airships are up in the air.
 Our needles are flying, while every one's crying
 "Hurrah for the boys Over There."
 Cheering is fine, but give me for mine
 Some needles and yarn and the chance.
 You can bet I will stay at my task all day
 Of knitting for the boys in France.

HELEN HESPE

A pair of socks for the Colonel,
 A pair for the Major, too,
 Two pair for Jimmy that's marching
 To save the old red, white and blue.
 Some for the privates and sergeants,
 No time to waste, I must knit
 To keep out the mud in the trenches,
 I certainly must do my bit.
 And six pair for General John Pershing
 To wear when he hammers the Boche,
 And one more if I can squeeze in the time
 For our brave Generalissimo Foch.

MARGARITA A. HICKEY

When you're knitting socks of white,
 Sock of olive drab or gray,
 Knit in helpful thoughts and bright,
 Speed the wearer on his way
 Cheerfully from day to day.

Let your thoughts with hope be strong
 Thoughts that make the heart feel light,
 So he'll bravely march along
 Strong to endure and strong to fight
 For the cause that's just and right.

MAY C. HIGGINBOTHAM

Knitting, knitting, knitting all the day
 For our gallant soldier boys far, far away.
 Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, too,
 On the socks are knitting.
 Dear soldier boy, they're all for you,
 A present very fitting.
 For well we want to do our bit
 And help the way to freedom;
 Dear soldier boy we like to knit
 If it helps you to defeat 'em.

CHIYA HIROSE (aged 11)

I wish that many socks I had!
 Enough for every soldier lad—
 I'd make each loop so strong and true,
 That for the Kaiser's neck 't would do!

ALICE HIRSH

Like a blot upon fair France spread the barbarous Hun,
 Gloating in his red advance, boasting victory won.
 Mother, take your babe and run! Grandpere, weep
 for France!

Click, my needles, faster yet — purl and heel and toe;
 Ships are building, sails are set, overseas they go.
 Knitting needle, be not slow; you're my bayonet!

Back across the fields of France runs the savage horde!
 Sock, it will be yours, perchance, to chase "The Great
 War Lord!"
 May YOU travel Berlinward! May YOU join the
 dance!

CONSTANCE ENTWISTLE HOAR*

EXTRACT FROM A SOLDIER'S LETTER

Dear Lou: I discovered some socks today while opening
a box with care
And I pictured you, thousands of miles away, as you
tucked them in with a prayer.
We're back from the front for a day or two for a jolly
little rest;
And the thrills that we get when we're handed our mail
you folks may never have guessed.

I'll wear the socks in the morning, dear; I needed them
like the deuce.
(Sentiment, here, must be wrapped in our hearts —
materials are for use.)
But I hold the soft things in my hand tonight, and may-
be you'll think it queer,
That I'm looking at them, but I see your face, and —
darn it! there goes a tear!

There! I've brushed it away, for well do I know how
you sitting knitting the while,
Kept up a brave heart and looked from brave eyes and,
bravest of all, wore a smile.

CONSTANCE ENTWISTLE HOAR

Girlhood's tendency was not to knit
When war began a-knocking;
The fad was then to butterfly
The dainty, silken stocking.
The scheme was then decorative
The arts were rather shocking —
'Tis quite a wholesome, humble peg
To knitting his gray stocking!

ELSIE VENNER HOLDEN

Knit on, knit on, they're over the top
 And out on the open ground.
 No time to idle, no time to dream,
 The shrapnel bursts, the rockets scream.
 Knit round and round and round.

Knit on, knit on, our wearying hearts
 Shall utter no weary sound.
 It's theirs to sail or march or fly,
 It's theirs to fight and win and die.
 Knit round and round and round.

GRACE HOLLINGSWORTH

A lad who loved a lovely maid
 Was very stiff and shy.
 To speak of love he was afraid,
 But parting time was nigh.

"I want t-t-to ask you f-f-for your hand."
 (He saw the moments flitting).
 "My hand? You cannot have it, sir,
 I need it in my knitting."

GRACE HOLLINGSWORTH

Knit, knit, sisters, knit,
 Sweater and helmet, sock and mitt;
 Sometimes a smile, sometimes a sigh
 As tongues and fingers together ply;
 Sons and brothers across the sea
 Are fighting for you and Liberty!
 'T will double the warmth of what they wear
 To know it came from your loving care.
 Knit, knit, sisters, knit:
 No better way to do your bit.

ARCHIBALD HOPKINS

TRUST GRANNY!

Rocking, gently rocking,
In her willow chair,
Knitting for our soldiers,
Fighting Over There.

Every stitch that's knitted
Helps keep out the cold,
Granny 'll get the Kaiser
Even though she's old!

VIRGINIA W. HOPPER***

I am knitting socks for Sammy
For I'm trying to do my bit,
As I know it's very little
And I ought to show my grit.

CAROLIN HUGHES (aged 10)

Mary knit a little sock, she knitted very slow,
And everywhere that Mary went the sock was sure to
go.

She took it in a knitting bag with a great big ball of gray.
She purled and knitted on the car, she knit and purled
at the play.

She knitted at the movies and she knitted on the streets,
She knitted at the restaurants while waiting for her eats.
She knitted at the church one day, while people looked
askance,

But Mary didn't care at all, for they needed socks in
France.

And all went well with Mary till she tried the heel to
turn.

She said a naughty little word that didn't rhyme with
durn.

MARY R. HUNKIN

Fritzie was a German,
Fritzie was a thief,
Fritzie marched into Belgium
Without anybody's lief.
Uncle Sam marched into Fritzie's land
To fight for you and me,
To clean out the race
And make the place
Fit for Democracy.

MARY R. HUNKIN

THE APPEAL

As the needles are plied
My thought is attuned to prayer, true prayer,
For the brave soldier boy
Who in battle this garment will wear.

No fear nor depression
My thought shall hold;
For I know that for right protection
It must be strong and clear;
That from this there can be no deflection.

So into this web of dull drab tone
I'll weave no thought of leaden hue.
But assured of right affirmation's aim,
I'll centre my thought in Good's Domain,
And bidding it search him out,
I'll help to fashion an armor of Light.

Not alone for him shall thought's shuttle ply,
'Mongst threads of aerial gold,
But for all those brave boys
Who, with heart-beats strong,
Respond with firm tread to duty's call,

Could those millions at home,
Who, on mercy intent,
Knit garments for physical comfort
But realize the power of thought,
They'd with one accord sound the keynote
That would rend the veil and shatter the wall,
As did Joshua's trumpets at Jericho's fall.

Then, O women, let us too be priests as we knit,
And on the trumpet of thought blow our blast.
Armed with effectual prayer of understanding,
Not that of fearsome petition,
Let us compass the camp, as heeding Joshua's command —
To shout not nor let not the voice be heard —
We await, as did His people of old, the word:
The City to you has been given by the Lord.

MABEL JENNESS HUNTER

My littlest girl has learned to purl,
And grandpa's casting stitches;
Ma sets the toe, and daddy slow
Can turn the heel by hitches!

The laundry maid and butler staid
Do sweaters for their ration.
While brother John clicks surely on,
And granny clothes the nation!

ALICE E. HYDE

[The following incident is a true one which happened to me when captain of a Red + booth in the last campaign. A big fellow on a truck stopped, gave me a quarter and asked if he might shake hands and say "Good-by" to me, as he had no living person belonging to him who really cared whether he lived or died. I had a long talk with him, saw his draft papers and gave him my address, that he might have *some one* to write to who *really cared*. He is in France now, and I know from his manly appearance doing his "bit" finely like our other boys "over there."

I have had a number of experiences of the same sort in my steady work among the hospitals, the Red + and the canteens, etc., and I am afraid, alas! that there are many other such boys. I only wish I could find them all out.

My little daughter asked me to put it in verse that she might knit him a pair of socks.

And this is what she put in verse:]

A TRUE INCIDENT

He asked if he might take my hand and bid me his
farewell,

For he had none throughout this land these tender
words to tell.

Ah! Legion is this one boy's name, now far across the
sea.

I pray my socks to him have gone, with mother love
from me!

Who knows perhaps my baby's soul — now many
years long sped —

Lives once again in this poor lad's for me to love instead.

A. E. H.

There are some young persons in Mendham
Who knit soldier's socks and they send 'em
So the soldiers can run
Hot foot on the Hun
And at point of the bayonet end 'em.

"C. K. H."

It's easy enough to sit and knit, when you've nothing
else to do.

But when you're maid and cook beside, it shows you're
a patriot too.

Washing dishes, making beds, and working so hard all day,
And yet at night time knitting socks, but that is only
play.

Knit two, purl two, rock and knit, is an easy way to rest,
Thinking thoughts all the while of the one you love the
best.

So here's to the lassie knitting socks, may she make
them strong and neat.

And here's to the laddie who wears the socks, may they
fit his worn, tired feet!

M. H.

While I'm knitting in my dreaming
Comes a soldier boy once more,
Marching to the drum he's beating,
Up and down the kitchen floor —
Little soldier boy of four.

I was proud then, now I'm proudest
While I knit he fights for me,
Where for right his country battles
In a lane beyond the sea —
Little lad that used to be!

MRS. JENNIE A. JESSUP

Where are the little brown feet
That used to run at my call?
Where is the curly brown head
That made a grease spot on the wall?
Where are the little fat legs
That made holes in his Sunday pants?
Why, don't you know
The whole blooming show
Is fighting for me in France!

LAURA JIMMERS

You who go like knight of old
Eager on a holy quest,
Leaving all you love the best,
Soldier boy, be bold, be bold!
We who cannot go with you —
Who can only knit and pray —
Wait the dawning of the day
When God's dream of earth comes true.

ROSE WILLIS JOHNSON***

TO JACK AT SEA

Sailor on the tossing foam,
Are you sad to-night,
Thinking of a tiny light
Making one far casement bright
Shining out from home?

Greetings, friend, I send afar
Over flashing leagues of blue!
Keep your flame of honor true,
Burning (as that light for you)
To the world a star!

ROSE WILLIS JOHNSON

Away out there on the Flanders front,
Where the poppies grow 'midst the ragged wire,
There is a young soldier bearing the brunt
Of the fiercest battles, in deadly fire.
And that's why at home or at school
I knit, knit, knit the light gray wool,
Making socks for him.
Nor do I care to whom they're sent,
So long as feet, on duty bent,
Are made the stronger for the steep ascent.

BERNICE O. JONES

I ask of you, the "New York Sun,"
O what shall we do when the war is won?
Will we ever be able to change our ways,
And drop into ante-bellum days,
And not carry our knitting everywhere,
And ride in a sleeper without extra fare,
Make cake of white flour, and frost it besides,
And use gasolene on our Sunday rides,
And eat a peach without saving the pit?
And, Oh, what shall we do when we don't have to knit?

MARY C. JOYCE

Eight lines suggested by illustration in the "Ladies' Home Journal," entitled "Hold the line, for we are coming."

God has raised our starry banner
Lest our country fall,
We will waive it at His bidding,
Answering His call.

"Hold the line, for we are coming!"
Soldiers, nurses, all —
Working, battling for our freedom —
Coming at His call.

LORA F. KAGAN

I'm only a poor little girl,
But I know pretty well how to purl.
I'm just starting my fifteenth pair
Of socks for our soldier boys Over There.
Money is scarce and my poetry poor,
But, some way or other, I feel pretty sure
That I'm going to make some Sammies smile,
For a hundred pairs is some worth while.
I'll keep right on till I have them done
And maybe it'll be with thanks to "The Sun."

MARY C. KELLERS

I am only a girl, I cannot answer
That call that thrills and awes —
I am not old enough to give
My life to the great cause.

I am only a girl, but I can follow
The never changing laws;
Oh, I am old enough to give
My work to the great cause!

CHARLOTTE F. KENNEDY

The bands have ceased to play,
The train has steamed away,
The boys are on their way for Over There.
But our hearts are beating louder,
And our souls are singing prouder,
And our busy hands are working everywhere.

CHARLOTTE KENNEDY

We were sitting with his mother, each one busy knitting
socks,
When she read us letters from her dear boy, hopeful
spite of knocks;
And a violet he had sent her, plucked from cheerless
"No Man's" soil,
Somehow made us knit the faster, and more worth
while seemed our toil.
For that flower's well-timed message to all mothers
seemed to be —
"God's with your boys in 'No Man's Land' as He is
with you and me."
So we all determined then and there to do more than
our bit,
And if we can't do greater things we can knit and knit
and knit.

ELIZABETH V. KNOWLES

Knitting, knitting every day
On the khaki or the gray,
For the men who went away,
Knit, knit, knit.

For the braves across the sea
Fighting for our liberty
To save the day for you and me.
Knit, knit, knit.

LOIS KRAEGER (aged 15)

DOING THEIR BIT

A scamper of feet up the attic stairs,
And sounds of sweet laughter, gay;
List! something has muffled the merry din,
What fairy is this holds sway?

The fairy of "boys" who are "Over There"
And need woolen socks, you see,
So these little folks, bless them every one,
Are holding a "knitting bee."

"L. E. K."

Sing a song of socklets
Sent by Uncle Sam;
Wear 'em, boys, and knock Fritz;
Push him back kerslam!
Sock it to the Kaiser,
Bust his bloomin' drive;
Send him back to Satan
And come back home alive!

FLORENCE I. LA BAU

Who is it rides so late, so late, throughout the slumbering land?
'T is the Red Cross Spirit, driving on, to spur the lagging hand.
Why sit the mothers and the maids at unaccustomed toil?
For the love they bear their soldier lads, who fight on foreign soil.
But what of Ethiop, Hindu, Jap? For them this charity?
There are no classes — brothers all, who love Democracy.
The fining pot for silver is, the furnace is for gold,
But God above doth try the hearts, now even as of old.
While throbs the heart and speeds the hand of mother, matron, maid,
To aid a high devotion's cause, Truth waiteth unafraid.

FLORENCE I. LA BAU***

Behold the wounds of France!
See how they have flayed her! Witness her pain.
How can ye, Columbia's freemen,
Ere she be healed, know peace again?

Then knit, ye friends of France!
Your needles yet may save her! Labor is prayer.
To safeguard her saviours' footsteps
In march victorious; be this your care.
Behold the wounds of France!
Protect her, men Over There!

FLORENCE I. LA BAU

Good health to Lulu Merrick who wrote the first lyric,
 Her heart must be with the boys who left our docks.
 Is there anything to beat a comfortable pair of feet?
 We are with you, Lula, and the socks.

Why should we care a darn if we spin the little yarn
 For our chaps who 're plugging hard against the tide;
 Not one of them would blame us for making your name
 famous,
 The woman who's all wool and a yard wide.

MRS. J. W. LAMEY

I wish some one would ask me
 To knit socks for "Kaiser Bill,"
 I'd make a pair to fit him,
 And do it with a will.
 I'd weave into them nettles
 And sharp and deadly thorns,
 Then run him into Hades,
 Hide and hoofs and horns.

ELEANOR K. LAMONT

In the cottage lowly, in the stately hall,
 Ever they are knitting, knitting one and all,
 Women young and lovely, women old and gray,
 Mothers, wives and sweethearts, friends, all knit today,
 And their hearts are singing each the same refrain,
 "God watch o'er our loved ones and bring them back
 again."

Freedom's cause is lending wings to needles bright,
 While the boys are fighting, fighting for the right.

ELEANOR K. LAMONT

His regiment's upon the Marne somewhere —
 I saw it in the published lists today —
 Is it the sun that blinds me with its glare?
 My needles let the stitches slip away.

His fair haired son is playing at my knee,
 Beside him on the floor the gray ball lies —
 He captures it and brings it back to me
 And smiles up at me — with his father's eyes.

My feverish fingers fumble at the yarn —
 His regiment is there beyond the Marne!

MRS. EMMA A. LANGLOTZ*

Said old Uncle Hi as he just drove by:

“Wall, I see you're a-doin' your chore,
 Tho' you're jest a-sittin' at home an' knittin'
 It'll help Uncle Sam win the war.

When the winter comes with its cold and wet

Them boys in the trenches Over There

Will need your socks, all right, I bet —

They'll thank you, I swan, for every pair!

So knit 'em warm and knit 'em neat —

No army can win if it hez cold feet!”

MRS. EMMA A. LANGLOTZ

When first my girlish fingers fashioned baby boots for
 thee

It was with tenderness — and awe —

And wide expectancy.

Then in thy careless boyhood many a stitch was made
 for thee,

Oft with a furtive tear — or sigh —

And deep anxiety.

Now I am knitting soldier socks for thee, my first born
 son,

My soul is flooded with unending calm —

God's will be done!

MRS. EMMA A. LANGLOTZ**

Be brave, my cousin, for o'er the sea
 We can't but win this war, you see.
 For God is with us in the fray
 And I will pray and knit each day
 Until you boys come home again
 To mother, sweetheart and friend
 And bring with you an everlasting peace
 To the home of the brave and the true,
 Is my little prayer for you.

MARY LEAHY (aged 11)

A pleasant gift to please a friend,
 A distant long, I wish to send,
 My friend is now far, far away,
 What shall I send this very day?
 Dear Friend, I know just what to do,
 A pair of socks will just suit you.

WILLIAM LEAHY, JR. (aged 14)

My hands are ever knitting since the service flag went
 up,
 For the father of my little one,
 Who gayly cries, "Oh! to be like Daddy, a soldier strong;
 Oh! just to be a soldier, to wave my noble flag."
 My tightly closed lips tremble, my eyes grow dim,
 My fingers tremble like a leaf before an autumn wind.
 The fingers of my imagination draw before my weary
 eyes
 A knight in shining armor with a red cross on his breast.
 He reminds me of my loved one and sets my heart at
 rest.

ELIZABETH LEETE (aged 10)

When we're sit, sit, sitting
We'll keep on knitting.
To help every soldier Over There
So we'll prepare
To make a pair
For a soldier who is in need of a pair.
They'll be over,
They're coming over,
And we'll keep on knitting
Till it's over, Over There.

FRANK LEFNER (aged 11)

Care free and gay one year ago,
Through many a foreign town,
In khaki clad, march row on row
Our boys, sunburnt and brown.

Though never raised nor fed on war,
America's brave sons,
In home knit socks on sea and shore,
Beat back the butchering Huns.

KATHERINE M. LEONARD

Forget-me-not. Your tiny bloom
Is Belgium's chosen flower,
That once-famed stronghold of the arts,
The ages' priceless dower.
Forget-me-not. Can they forget
Their ruined land, a tyrant's rage —
The blood of babes upon his hands,
Foul blot on history's page.
Behold a maniac's senseless greed!
We knit to aid a people's need.

KATHERINE M. LEONARD

Your letters from Somewhere in France
 Are read by all, while fervently
 Rejoicing in your brave advance
 Through that fair land of Picardy.

We walk with you through trenches damp.
 We follow you where star shells flare —
 Behind Barrage — in wayside camp —
 In No Man's Land your danger share.
 While knitting here beside the lamp
 These socks for some brave boy to wear.

KATHERINE M. LEONARD

He was such a little fellow just a few short years ago;
 Curled and golden was his hair; he walked with brave
 and manly air,
 Lips all puckered to a whistle in his going to and fro
 The red schoolhouse over yonder — though I truly
 must declare
 'T was in coming home from school he whistled more
 than going there!

He came home today on furlough, this young soldier
 straight and tall,
 Closely shaven golden hair, and still the same old
 manly air.
 Oh, but it is good to have him here again among us all.
 He will soon be going over; gladly will we knit our
 share,
 Praying always, God of Armies, keep him safely in Thy
 care.

KATHERINE M. LEONARD*

IN FRANCE

Through the dusk of the autumn day
 Fearlessly marching on their way,
 Over the rough and broken road,
 Arms and equipment safely stowed.

These Yankee soldiers are going in
 To the front line trenches, where they'll win
 The boon of safety for young and old,
 Shielding us all from horrors untold.
 Knitting socks is the least we can do
 For these crusaders, gallant and true.

KATHERINE M. LEONARD

'Tis "Never too late to mend," they say,
 And it's never too late to knit
 For the fine brave lads who've gone over seas
 To do for us our bit.
 So here's to the "Sun's" Sock Contest,
 And let us all hope and pray
 That the lucky one who wins the wool
 Can turn our her pair a day.

E. L. LEVERICH***

ACROSTIC

America sings thus, the "Song of the Sock"

Soldiers of France and soldiers of Britain,
 Over the sea, in the land of the free,
 Columbia's daughters their bit have been doing,
 Knitting warm socks, our brave Allies for thee.

Soldiers of Belgium, and soldiers of Italy,
 Onward in France, our brave soldiers advance.
 Now for our loved ones, we're knitting and praying,
 God speed them, with glory, their victories enhance!

G. C. LEWIS

Whether by choice or whether by chance,
 Dear soldier boys, who are off in France,
 You are fighting for us, while we knit for you,
 And we're going to knit the whole war through.
 There are millions of socks of nice soft yarn
 Being sent to you at the River Marne,
 And by these tokens you sure will know
 How far these webs of love can go;
 May they keep your steps away from sin
 And guide your march into old Berlin.

HARRIET ROSSITER LEWIS

MY WISH

While I am knitting socks for you, dear Uncle overseas,
 I am wishing that great hanks of yarn grew on my
 garden trees;
 For I want to go on knitting until the war is done,
 And I can't! — unless this poem wins a prize in Sun-
 day's "Sun."

BEATRICE LIEBOVITZ (aged 11)

I think, while I'm knitting for "somebody's boy,"
 How "somebody's mother" must feel.
 Her heart lone and sad, but so proud of the lad
 Who's a MAN from his head to his heel.

God speed the glad tidings we're waiting to hear
 Is the prayer that each sock tries to tell,
 Then, think of the joy of "somebody's boy,"
 And of "somebody's mother" as well.

MRS. ANNA LITTLE***

SOCK SONGS

Now listen here, you woolly socks,
When you get "Over There"
And some lad says "they're peaches,"
Remember you're a "pair."

And promise me you'll guide his feet
Within your purling stitches,
Right on until you get near "Bill"
And kick him in the breeches.

MRS. ANNA LITTLE

ANY ONE'S BROTHER WILL DO

Don't say you don't know a lad to befriend;
Any one's brother will do.
Knit all the comfort your needles can lend;
He will be grateful to you.

Help Uncle Sam keep his nephews in trim —
God bless his boys, every one;
On with the Sock Song to Jack, Joe or Jim,
The finest lads under the sun.

MRS. ANNA LITTLE**

Do a little bit more than you have done,
Though you thought you had done your best;
Answer every call, be it great or small,
And then when it's over we'll rest.

For "we're got to get where we're going."
Uncle Sam needs your help or you;
So knit thrice more than you've done before
And we'll help Uncle Sam clear through.

MRS. ANNA LITTLE.

We may not go to confront the foe,
 We need not cross the foam,
 But we can belong to the busy throng,
 The "army that stays at home."

So do not shirk, for there's lots of work,
 And a lot of lads to cheer,
 Just do your bit, come along and knit.
 You can fall in line right here.

MRS. ANNA LITTLE

Last night I heard the Katydid
 Tell in her language odd
 That summer is already ruled
 By autumn's goldenrod.

We'll take your warning, Katy,
 And send our lads out there
 Warm socks and every comfort
 Our needles can prepare.

MRS. ANNA LITTLE

On our boys in front, on the stubborn foe,
 On the ones who rise or fall,
 In the air above, in the depths below
 Each day it "shines for all."

And our needles bright catch the sunbeams light
 And weave them in brown and gray,
 Till the strife will cease on the dawn of peace,
 God speed that Sun-lit day.

MRS. ANNA LITTLE

HAVE YOU MET HER?

You wave and cheer for the lads, my dear,
 As the transports put to sea,
 You even sigh as they pass us by
 And you're sad as you can be.

Then our ferryboat keeps on afloat,
 And you work with a hank of yarn
 On a sweater pink, for yourself, I think,
 Say! you ain't worth a darn!

MRS. ANNA LITTLE.

PARTING ADVICE

Now listen here, you woolly socks,
 When you get Over There
 And some lad says, "They're peaches!"
 Remember you're a pair!
 And please don't let religion
 Invade your sole too quick,
 For sure as you get holey
 Another pair he'll pick!

MRS. ANNA LITTLE***

We knit for you, dear boy in blue,
 Dear lad of ours in brown;
 We'll loan, we'll give that you may live
 To crush the tyrant down.

One thought, one prayer for you Out There—
 One aim in sight we hold —
 To keep the service stars of blue
 From turning into gold.

MRS. ANNA LITTLE

I know she tried to knit me right,
She knit all day, she knit all night,
But what she knit one hour, you see,
She ripped the next, alas! poor me.

I look just like a napkin ring,
I'll never be worth anything.
No "Sun" wool prize I'll ever win,
For "I'm the sock that might have been."

ELIZABETH LOCKWOOD

We are knit, knit, knitting, while we're sit, sit sitting,
In a long, long row beneath the sun.
While we're knitting little stitches,
You are digging little ditches
For the further interference of the Hun.

We are knit, knit, knitting, but we never think of quit-
ting,
Though the string of knitted stitches rings the world.
While we're knitting you your socks,
You're knocking off their blocks;
Go to it, boys, Old Glory is unfurled.

JANETTE LOGAN

FROM A SOLDIER BOY — ON RECEIVING A GIFT OF SOCKS

O tender little "Sister Sue,"
How all my heart rushed out to you,
What a vision, bright to see,
Cheered every aching void of me,
When I opened up the box,
And found your gift of nifty socks.
Their every stitch a warm heart beat,
To mark the time for tired feet,
That else might lag, or fail, perchance,
Along the war-worn roads of France!

FREDERICA LORD

We've spent our spare dollars for Liberty bonds,
For war savings stamps every nickel and dime,
And nothing is left to secure any wool,
Unless we can spin out a rhyme.

So, kind "Mr. Sun," we'd give many thanks
If only you'd send us a few woolly hanks
To knit into socks for those boys in the ranks —
Our valiantly fighting, invincible Yanks!

FREDERICA LORD

"A million fighting men in France,"
Why, that's two million feet," she cried;
"When shall we ever get the chance
To knit so many socks?" she sighed.

"But every fighting man enrolled
Some brave woman loves," she cried;
"That's twice a million hands, all told,
Of mother, sister, sweetheart, bride,
And of all who fondly hold
A parting lad's last look," she sighed.

FREDERICA LORD

Down on the old plantation, in the fragrant night,
Her cradle song she'd croon.
"Gather 'em in, gather 'em in, the black sheep and the
white —
Go to sleep, go to sleep, you no 'count cullud mite."

Now with faithful hands she knits, as long as she can
see,
Under the Southern moon —
Knit away, knit away, Mammy,
For your brave colored Sammy.
His country broke his chains and made him free,
And now he goes to give the whole world liberty.

FREDERICA LORD

You say you haven't talent requisite,
 Not enough plain mother's wit,
 To learn to make a sock to fit?
 Shame on you! Haven't you any grit?
 Of patriotism not a single whit?
 I pray you do not answer "nit,"
 But add the K and say: "I'll knit."
 Then you can proudly do your bit
 On sweater, helmet, sock or mitt,
 And knit and knit and knit.

MARY OLMSTED LOTSPEICH

O women with sons "Over There,"
 O sisters and lonely wives,
 It isn't yarn you're knitting now —
 You're saving soldiers' lives.
 For wet and chill and damp,
 And the bruised and bleeding heel,
 They take their toll of soldiers' lives,
 As well as the foeman's steel.

Knit fast, O sisters, plain and purled!
 The socks you knit may save the world!

NINETTE M. LOWATER

(With apologies to Kipling)

My dearest wish it is to make
 A sock that none can imitate —
 A thing of perfect size and shape,
 With well-turned heel and "Kitchener" toe,
 Seamed up so it will never show —
 A perfect dream of a sock, you know.
 A sock that is both smooth and trig,
 That will fit a soldier little or big.
 Now please to tell me what rule I'll take
 To produce this sock which I wish to make.

ALICE LOWELL

A darling little girl had learned to knit and purl,
To make stockings for her soldier dad. How jolly!
She worked with all her might,
But when she'd finished, quite,
Those funny little socks would just fit "dollie!"

Alas for cruel fate! Her daddy could not wait,
Behold, his kit was packed and he must start!
But the socks the baby knit
Were not wasted, not a bit,
For daddy swore those socks — upon his heart.

ALICE LOWELL**

Oh, it's knit, knit, knit, that the way to do your bit
If you want to help the boys to cross the Rhine.
Every Sammy needs a pair, to keep him Over There,
So get your ball and tumble into line;
If you want to make a hit, then knit, knit, knit,
Don't stand around a-thinking any more;
It's a pair of socks or two, and the thing is up to you,
If you really want to help to win the war!

LORE LUKS**

I'se gwan to knit a pair of socks for Willie,
For Willie is de idol of my eye;
You ought to hear the way dey shout at Willie
When he goes marching by.

He says dat I'm his little Baby Chick'n,
An' I says we will see;
You've got to go and get dat Kaiser, Willie;
If you don't you're never goin' to get me!

CAROLINE LUNT

You're sleeping where the scarlet poppies sway,
My son — my little lad of yesterday, —
But I must quell my grief, there's much to do —
And live to labor as you'd want me to.

So, if unselfishly I do my part
In memory of the boy who filled my heart,
I'll meet you in To-morrow Land, my son,
And He, who sees all things, will say: "Well done."

THERESE H. MC DONNELL**

IN 1958

"Tell me a story, grandma,
Of this faded sock of dun.

"T was made, I know,
In the long ago
Before the Allies won."

"Grandfather wore it, dearie,
When he gained his Croix de Guerre.

And with yarn I won
From 'The Sunday Sun'
I knitted this very pair."

THERESE H. MC DONNELL

FROM A SWEET YOUNG THING

I made this pair of socks for Bill,
Though Mother knit the toes
And Sister put the stitches on
And "purled" for several rows.
And Mrs. Wilson turned the heels,
To help a bit, you see,
But think, I made these socks myself,
Won't Bill be proud of me?

THERESE H. MC DONNELL

Your boy and my boy, out in the trenches,
Are knitting together the hearts of the world.
When, 'mid the shell and the gasses' vile stench,
Through the Hun's hate into death they are hurled.

Your heart and my heart, both may be breaking.
Wealthy or poor, we're just mothers today;
We must be brave for the other hearts aching —
Your boy and my boy have shown us the way.

THERESE H. MC DONNELL **

The bravest soldier I have known
Is sitting in the firelight's glow.
With needles clicking to and fro
She's fighting demon fear, alone.

O Mother, you're the valiant one,
For while your son is Over There
Your only weapon is a prayer,
Your war cry is, "Thy will be done!"

THERESE H. MC DONNELL

They're folded away in a cedar box,
They're faded and worn and blue,
Do you know what they are? The first wee socks
I knitted, dear lad, for you.
And now I am fashioning socks again,
A graver and braver hue;
But these must be worn by a man of men,
And that, son o' mine, is you.

RUTH MC MILLAN

Inspired by the songs that appear in "The Sun," I'm
determined to knit;
In the making of sweaters, wristlets and scarfs for some
time I've been doing my bit;
But now, Soldier Boy, it is right up to me to save in a
little tin box
My ice cream soda and movie cash, and with it buy wool
for your socks.
And although I may not be so cool inside, your feet will
from cold be free
And my heart will be warm with thoughts of you who
so bravely fight for me.
And woven in with the wool so gray is a thread unseen
by you;
It's a prayer for your safe return, dear lad, to loved ones
tried and true.

MRS. A. M. MC SHANE

THE SOCK

O sock that I'm knitting so soft and gray,
I wonder where you'll be some day?
Maybe to battle, marching away
Where God only knows who'll hold sway.

Into each stitch my heart has knit
A wish to pack in some boy's kit;
Who fights and does his noblest bit
While I stay home and knit and knit.

ROSALIE B. MARDRUM (aged 14)

Tell me, pretty maiden, truly,
Tell me why that sock you knit,
For there ne'er was soldier, surely,
Who a sock like that would fit.

'T is not sock, it's helmet, silly,
Helmet for an airman's pate,
So that he shall not be chilly
If he stays on high too late.

F. H. MASON***

Knitting, ever knitting, all the livelong day,
Socks for our brave soldiers in France, so far away.
Needles brightly flashing, turn the heel and weave the
toe,
Our boys will win the victory in the fight, we know.

Marching, bravely marching, in socks so soft and warm,
May they prove a mascot to keep them from all harm.
When this war is over and vanquished is the foe
Each sock a precious souvenir will be kept, we know.

CAROLINE L. MAXWELL

While you fight for freedom at honor's call
I can only sit knittin' and purlin',
But we'll all be there at the Boches' fall
When the Yanks go marching on Berlin

MRS. A. MAY

Socks and helmet, products of my hand,
They go to clothe the champion of the Right
Who struggles against the foe in distant land.
Mayhap to yield his life in Freedom's fight.

What matter tho' I strive not in the fray
Nor bare my breast to meet the battle's shock?
I'm glad to do my best to haste The Day
And knit my pent-up feelings in the sock.

ED. J. MEEHAN

I've filled these socks with kindly hopes,
And made them with bright smiles;
And though they claim but two short feet,
My wishes measure miles.

MRS. J. W. MEEK

I'm glad for every stitch I've knit,
 With this strong yarn of gray;
 I thought of all your pluck and grit,
 All through the needles' play;
 And as I purled and knit for you
 I prayed a tender prayer
 That God would keep you from all harm,
 Protect you Over There.

MRS. J. W. MEEK

To turn a heel is no fun,
 The count keeps one's brain on the run,
 So I earnestly pray these will help you for aye,
 In turning the heels of the Hun.

The heels you have turned fit my feet quite fine,
 And your rhyme suits my mind like a song,
 So I'm stronger to turn the Huns toward the Rhine
 And send them where they belong.

LULA MERRICK

I remember, I remember, the first sad sock I knit:
 The top was on the bias and no foot that toe could fit—
 Not a Sammie in the trenches who had failed to hit a
 Hun
 Could have felt more blue than I did
 When that first sad sock was done.
 But I up and tried another, just as Sammie likes to do,
 Gee, the thrill when it went over,
 Thought I'd shot the Kaiser through.

GRACE E. MILLER

Will Cosette or Adelaide or Jeanne with eyes of blue,
Pick up the stitch I drop by chance, and mend the toes
of you?

Threading a loyal smile for France the dainty stitches
through.

Or will those downcast maiden eyes see, through a gold-
en haze,

Some gallant lad, some khaki lad, with brave audacious
ways?

Hear the little lilting pipes that play above the Mar-
sellaise?

Methinks it were the wisest thing to knit you strong
and true,

Lest Cosette or Adelaide or Jeanne with eyes of blue,
Should drop another stitch, perchance, and spoil the
toes of you!

HELEN TOPPING MILLER*

ONE! TWO!

All along the black road, the torn road, the muddy road,
Grim of brow and grim of lip, my lad I march with you.
Purl two and knit two, the hearth flames whisper
sleepily,

But I am far in Flanders, lad, a tramping onward too!

Soft slips the woollen thread, the needles beat a rhyth-
mic roll,

Drum beat and heart beat, are woven through and
through.

Purl two and knit two, the stitches march on doggedly —
While I'm a thousand miles away, a-marching on with
you!

HELEN TOPPING MILLER*

“Knit one, purl three, knit one,”
 Across and back, incessantly,
 Runs the amber gleam through the web of gray;
 The mind of the knitter drifts away
 To Flanders fields where poppies blow,
 As she counts her stitches, row on row,
 And she prays as she knits, so soft and low:
 “God grant that the crosses may not grow
 In Flanders land!”

MRS. L. A. MILLER

These socks were knit for you, my lad,
 You couldn't say they were half bad;
 While you are wearing them, I hope
 The Kaiser and his friends will choke.

MARTHA E. MILLER

While sitting and knitting I sometimes get weary
 And sigh for the one who has left me perchance,
 But the Lord in His goodness will help keep me cheery
 To knit socks for my boy who is fighting in France.

Many socks I have knit for the true and the fearless;
 May they bring them good luck when told to advance,
 While I try to be happy, contented and tearless
 As I knit for our boys who are fighting in France.

MRS. DAVID MITCHELL

How fine that soldiers now can wear
 Socks knit by pretty girls;
 I wonder do they ever think
 That they are made with “purls?”

HARRIET MITTELSTAEDT

GRANDMA'S KNITTING

Grandma sitting, knitting, knitting — in the arm chair,
slowly rocks —
Knitting sweaters, knitting wristlets, knitting gloves
and knitting socks.

Her eyes gazing in the blazing wood fire crackling on the
hearth
As deft needles knit a message old as death and young
as birth.

And her knotted fingers linger zealously and lovingly
O'er the words her stitches carry to her son's son over
sea —

“ Ever true man be to woman to your country's cause
be true,
To the men who died in giving the great heritage to you
Of a free man — dared to dream and make our land a
mighty land.”
Dear old Grandma sitting, knitting, not a tremor shakes
her hand.

CAPT. FRANCIS LIVINGSTON MONTGOMERY**
Sanitary Corps, U. S. A.

Brave Soldier Lad on the firing line,
I'm knitting you socks of gray,
As I've no sons to fight with you,
I'm doing my bit this way.

When you come home with honors won,
And tell of your part in the fray,
I shall try to feel you've been helped along
By wearing my socks of gray.

A. MOORE

Three cheers for our boys in khaki,
 Fighting to down the Hun;
 We'll send them smokes and knit them socks,
 And help till their work is done.

A. MOORE

Soldier Buddie Over There,
 On the job in France somewhere
 Carrying blankets, kit and gun,
 Knapsack, too; gee, it's no fun!

Socks like these will keep you warm
 On your hikes out in the storm.
 Now when these are worn right through
 Guess there's new ones home for you.

L. M.

"Sun" heeds
 Wool needs.

I sit
 And knit.

Brief time
 For rhyme.

Boys fight
 With might.

Till Hun
 On run!

A. MOORE*

The day I shall call my perfect day
Will be filled with work that is pleasure;
It will be when I knit a whole pair of socks
In the hours that we call a day's measure.

And the perfect day we're all working for
Will bring peace to a suffering world;
It will come when the flags that the Allies bear
O'er the streets of Berlin are unfurled.

So, each in his way, we must all "carry on,"
Nor cease from our tasks till the last battle's won.

A. MOORE

THAT PAIR OF SOCKS

Through the ruined towns of Alsace our Yankee laddies
tramp;
They're bound for some remote place, and they're tired
and cold and damp.
And but for that pair of socks that you knit so faithfully
They would be going into camp with road-worn, blistered feet.
It is worth the time you're taking, it is worth the
strength and work,
For Over There in Alsace not a man of them will shirk.
So, knitters, keep on knitting till the war is done;
Keep knitting, knitting socks till our boys have won!

HELEN E. MOORE

“GROWN UP”

“O Muvver, I’s bumped my head, and it hurts an
 awful lot,”
 Cried Billy-boy, and mother came and kissed the
 “hurtet” spot.
 He was only three and a half then, and soon after the
 sun went down
 His mother sat by his cradle and knit on wee socks of
 brown.

She sits by his cradle still, but her baby is long since
 gone,
 And her hands are busy with man-size socks, for he’s
 grown into sinew and brawn —
 The boy she gave to her country just a few short
 months ago —
 And she remembers that “hurtet” spot, and she rocks
 the cradle slow.
 And carefully she fashions the socks that will keep her
 boy warm and “fit,”
 “For,” says she, “I can’t kiss his hurts now, I can
 only sit and knit.”

HELEN E. MOORE (aged 12)

Here are some socks. I knit them strong,
 And I knitted in love as I went along.
 And courage and hope, but never a tear;
 Not a single stitch was set with fear.

May they ever for you be warm and dry,
 May they wing your feet like Mercury.
 May they never have any holes to rend them;
 If they should, may some one be there to mend them.

PEGGY MOORE

Clickety, clackety, clickety, clack!
 Every stitch gives the Kaiser a whack.
 We'll pile up the stitches as fast as we can,
 For we want sox a plenty for every man.
 So clackety, clickety, clackety, click,
 Hurry the needles, speed them up quick,
 To help give the Huns that death-dealing kick.
 Clackety, clickety, clackety, click.

HARRIET SMITH MORGAN

AN ADMONITION

Good people, knit your yarn up fast —
 Knit away, knit away!
 Make socks and sweaters; they don't last —
 Knit ye, every day!
 For lads who bear on foreign shore
 Our flag for Liberty once more!
 Knit ye, knit ye, knit, I say,
 Socks and sweaters every day,
 For our boys so brave and true
 'Neath the Red, the White and Blue.

C. V. E. MORRISON

WHERE DOES OUR KNITTING GO?

From the shell-strewn fields to the sea of woes,
 Through battle's scars and the hell of bombs,
 Through the forests old, with their stories grim,
 "That's where our knitting goes!"

Yea, through turbulent waters of crimson hue, and by
 the marshes low,
 Through the turmoil of war, with its harvest of souls,
 Where the Test Supreme is put to life,
 "Even there will our knitting go!"

Then dare we falter and laggards be
 In sending our offerings over the sea?

MRS. C. V. E. MORRISON*

A LIMERICK ON SOCKS

I know a sweet girl who knits oodles of socks.
 She learned the method with many hard knocks.
 It was "knit" two and purl two for row after row,
 And finish it off with the "Kitchener toe."
 She almost got gray in her dear sunny locks.

But now to our boys she's a great friend in need.
 She can "turn a heel" with the best, indeed;
 Socks for the Sammies in good olive drab,
 In blue or gray for the Jackies to grab,
 They flash through her fingers with lightning speed.
 "MOTHER OF A JACKIE"

Sweaters for sailors a-sailing the main,
 Socks for our soldiers in far off Lorraine;
 Wristlets and helmets and blankets galore —
 Knit all of these and then knit some more.
 You haven't the time? You can't do it well?
 They're taking the time, and they're going through hell
 To guard you and yours; how can you refuse
 To give of your time? Cease making excuse;
 Get needle and yarn — go to it with vim,
 Help a soldier of Freedom go over "the rim."

G. M. MOULTON

Of course they have their sweethearts,
 To say nothing of their wives,
 But it's the old maids that are having
 The time of their young lives
 Knitting socks for soldiers.
 It matters not what size they wear,
 These boys of Uncle Sam,
 It's the feeling that we're with them
 And doing what we can,
 Knitting socks for soldiers.

IDA C. V. MULLIKEN

I am knitting socks for you, Man, it's the least that I
can do.
And with the stitches go my prayers, the Censor lets
them through.
My prayers for peace and victory, for your just cause
is mine,
Though my bit must be done at home and yours on the
battle line.
These socks are meant for "Forward March," they'll
never stand retreat,
For American means Victory, she'll never know defeat;
So wear them proudly, Soldier Man, on your victorious
way.
Your feet will not tire out my hands, for while I knit
I pray.

E. G. MUNRO

In the olden days a gallant knight
Did his lady's favor wear —
It shone upon his helmet bright
Throughout the battle's flare;
In these brave days, in deadly fight
Our Boys our favors wear;
Our knitted socks, though hid from sight,
Are tokens warm and fair,
For the flame of Chivalry's alight —
They keep tryst Over There.

E. G. MUNRO

We loved him well, here in our little town,
That gentle boy who loved his books and flowers,
Who in vacation time just puttered round
And dreamed and fished down at the dock for hours.
We wondered what the future held in store,
We could not picture him in business life,
We thought perhaps he'd better wait awhile,
His soul seemed so removed from any strife.
But now he is an ace, high up in air —
A modern Mercury my socks will wear!

E. G. MUNRO**

If I were like Briarius,
 With fifty pairs of hands,
 I'd keep them busy knitting socks
 For the boys in foreign lands.
 Alas! I've only one small pair
 But steadily I knit—
 It is the only way I have
 To "do my little bit."

R. W. M.

MY FIRST SOCK

I knitted a sock that was large and long,
 But the heel went crooked, the toe went wrong.
 So I ravelled it out past the crazy heel
 And tried again for the "Kitchener" deal;
 But alas, that toe, like a peaked hat,
 Just had to be ravelled, I couldn't stand that!
 So to the instep back I went then
 And bravely knitted it over again;
 At last, oh, joy! I had conquered the "knack,"
 Now, twenty-one pairs hunt Kaiser Bill, to hit him a
 whack!

SEPTUA G. NARIAN

I am sick with influenza, but I sit in bed and knit
 Socks I hope may save a fighter from a most untimely
 fit
 Of this quite infernal sickness which the Germans must
 have sent,
 For it looks so much like other ghastly things they did
 invent.
 Neither Germans, nor the germs can possibly stop you
 and me,
 "Loan Went Over," socks are going. And the boys —
 well, you can see
 By the way they now are fighting in the forest of Ar-
 gonne
 Nothing can keep them from goals they've set their
 minds upon.
 And their goal: For arch offender—"UNCONDITIONAL
 SURRENDER!"

INGE NASSETH

With fingers nimble and quick,
 With eyes that are shining and bright,
 A woman sits in her womanly grace,
 Knitting with all her might.
 Knit — knit — knit!
 To the rhythm of the clock,
 And still with a sigh, and a wish, and a prayer
 That God will keep our boys in His care,
 She sings the "Song of the Sock."

MRS. HATTIE A. NETTLETON*

What are you singing, my pretty maid?
 "Sunday Sun" sock songs, sir, she said.
 What are you knitting, my pretty maid?
 Socks for soldiers, sir, she said.
 How can I help you, my pretty maid?
 Sock the Kaiser! sir, she said.

MRS. HATTIE A. NETTLETON

Forward the Sock Brigade!
 Never were there displayed
 Knitters so many.
 Flash all their needles bare,
 Flash as they turn in air,
 Quitters not any.
 Honor the Sock Brigade,
 Their deeds will never fade,
 They that have knit so well,
 Fighting the hosts of hell.

MRS. HATTIE A. NETTLETON

When the last knitted sweater is finished and the socks
 and the helmets are done,
 When our boys in the blue and the khaki have settled
 their score with the Hun,
 We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it — lie down for
 a second or two,
 Till the Master of All Good Workers shall call us to
 labors anew.
 And those that knit well shall be happy;
 They shall sit in an easy chair
 And sing like the larks in the morning, with never a
 thought or care
 But to welcome their loved ones' homecoming from
 their victory "Over There."

MRS. HATTIE A. NETTLETON

IN SOLDIERS' HOMES

In soldiers' homes the needles go
 Knitting, purling, row on row
 Till socks are made; while Over There
 Our boys, eager to do and dare,
 Are fighting till the Hun's laid low.
 It seems so short a time ago
 That peace and love were all aglow.
 Tho' our hearts ache — we'll keep it so
 In soldiers' homes. MRS. GEORGE E. NICHOLS

I'm the mother of a soldier,
But my star is purest gold,
On a field of black it glitters,
'Tis the story often told.
He was brave, my soldier laddie,
Brave and fearless to the end,
And with pride I join the knitters,
Proud to be the soldiers' friend.

LOUISE S. NICHOLS**

I used to watch my grandmamma
A-knitting day by day;
I used to sit and wonder
If I'd ever get that way.
But nowadays while grandmamma
Receives at Red Cross Teas,
I stay at home alone and knit
His Socks—for Over Seas!

LOUISE S. NICHOLS

THE VILLAGE BUTTERFLY

They called her the village butterfly
As she fluttered here and there,
Dancing and singing the whole day long,
Making the world one sweet, sweet song,
With never a thought of care.

But when the boys marched off to war,
Leaving our butterfly fair,
No time had she to dance and play,
But sang as she knitted all the day
For the brave boys Over There.

LOUISE S. NICHOLS

Knit, sisters, knit with care;
 Knit ye old and knit ye fair,
 Knit ye sad and knit ye gay,
 Knit hose of khaki and hose of gray.
 One pair of socks for a soldier bold
 To keep out the wet, to keep out the cold.
 Two pair of socks for two mothers' sons
 Means four warm feet for the loved ones,
 So knit, sisters, knit strong and true,
 Knit for our boys of the red, white and blue.

MAUDE NOYES

As I change my yarn of sombre gray
 To warm wool hose, I dream to-day
 Of other knitting I used to do
 For my boy now fighting for me and you.
 And I little thought when tucked in bed,
 After his evening prayers were said,
 How soon my baby a soldier would be
 Fighting abroad for victory.
 And I send up a prayer for each mother's son
 Who will fight Over There till peace is won.

MAUDE NOYES

What is this Sock Song we're trying to sing,
 Hoping to us some yarn it will bring?
 And if we should happen a song to compose
 That will bring yarn enough to make two pair of hose,
 Should we stop writing jingles and start knitting socks,
 And tie them up neatly in bright colored box?

I'm writing for more information to gain;
 The uncertainty is really a terrible strain.
 If this don't bring yarn to knit into hose
 I'll stop sending poetry and start writing prose.

MAUDE NOYES

TO THE ARMIES OF THE ENTENTE ALLIES

Sing a song of victory!
 Over there in France;
 Countless Huns you've captured,
 Kaiser can't advance!

Sing a song of victory!
 Over here fights too,
 Night and day the knitters
 Give warm support to you!

EDITH O'CONNOR,**

Great heavens! "The Sun" that shines for all
 Has changed its motto — what a blow!
 Now it is all for knitting ball,
 Of old if in "The Sun" 't was sew!
 But greater changes war now weaves
 In cuirass, gorget, helmet, greaves,
 For our crusader forward fares
 With knitted helmet on his locks;
 For cuirass he a sweater wears,
 And last, not least, for greaves his socks.

M. W. OLCOTT

Here's to the knitters who never are quitters
 As long as there's work to be done;
 They're doing their bit and scoring a hit
 That sounds the knell of the Hun.
 And the things they are knitting are surely befitting
 The bravest lads under the sun;
 For what they will do before they get through
 Will settle the fate of the Hun.

MRS. G. L. OPPENHEIM

I said to Echo t'other day
While lounging in a mountain village,
"I'd like to send some socks away
And shall I buy or shall I knit 'em?"
An Echo promptly answered "Knit 'em."

"But wool," said I, "I cannot buy,
So scarce it seems prohibitive.
Pray, who has some, under the sun?"
And Echo promptly cried, "The Sun!"

MRS. G. L. OPPENHEIM

THE LIMITED SERVICE MAN

Here's socks for the limited service man
He's doing his duty the best that he can
Our homes he'll defend in his "limited" way,
But socks he will need same as those in the fray,
So I'll knit, some more, just as fast as I can
If you'll send me some wool for the "limited" man.

MRS. A. C. ORNDORFF

THE VISION

Mother, sister, sweetheart, wife,
Knitting day by day
Socks to send across the sea,
Tell your vision, pray:
"We see soldiers marching,
Marching forth to win,
Marching in their home-knit socks
Onward to Berlin."

E. J. OWEN

TO E. R. C. SERGEANT-MAJOR

I knit at ten 'cause mother said,
 'Twas what I ought to do;
 At fifteen knit because I craved
 A sweater soft and new.

I'm knitting now (let me confess
 It gives me greatest joy)
 Because somewhere in France there fights
 A gallant soldier boy. ANNA I. PARSONS

Soldier, while I here am sitting
 I compare you to my knitting.
 Like this stocking, stitch by stitch,
 You must progress ditch by ditch;
 Bayonet like needle thrust,
 Narrowing only where you must,
 Till you turn your heel to go
 To the final goal—the toe.
 Soldier boy with purpose true
 May this be permitted you!

ANNA I. PARSONS

Every stitch that's knit, a longing,
 Every stitch that's purled, a prayer,
 That my cherished socks will surely
 Fit some fellow Over There!

CATHERINE PARSONS

Said Peggy to herself one day,
 "How dismal are these socks of gray,
 Navy or khaki, black or white!
 But that's a fault I will soon set right."
 So she knit some with bars of good Yale blue,
 Some with orange and black, and crimson too;
 So great was Peggy's love of knowledge
 She had a heart in every college.

MRS. JOHN H. PATTERSON

Needles of ivory, needles of steel,
Knitting a stocking from garter to heel,
What shall we do with you when the war's done?
What will become of you, Victory won?
Out of the steel ones we'll build us a tower,
With a clock in the steeple to tell the glad hour.
The ivory will make a fine fence round Berlin,
To keep the Crown Prince and the Kaiser shut in!

MRS. JOHN H. PATTERSON

From Colorado's mountains, from Texas' burning sands,
From where Niagara's fountains divide two allied lands,
To overturn oppression in the world beyond the sea,
To cheer the broken hearted and set the captive free,
A mighty host is coming of our bravest and our best!
Our flying fingers, quick as thought, shall falter not nor
rest

Till stockings fine shall furnish forth each valiant
soldier's kit,

While cheerfully and faithfully we'll wait and serve and
knit!

MRS. JOHN H. PATTERSON

Our Flag's unfurled for Freedom in the sunny land of
France!

It's going on to Victory, with ne'er a backward glance.
We would strike a blow for Freedom, but we're not
needed in the fight:

We are women and it's many a day since first we saw
the light.

But we're sending socks by millions to the Army and the
Fleet,

And our hearts are eased by service and we ease the
weary feet

Of the messengers of Liberty from ocean's fairest gem
To nations bound in slavery's chain,
Whose hopes are fixed on them.

MRS. JOHN H. PATTERSON

The socks your slim fingers have made, dear,
That you sent with love's message to me,
Will be ragged and faded and frayed, dear,
Ere your sweet face once more I shall see.

But the feet that those stockings have worn, dear,
When with war's stern duty I'm through,
Though bruised and weary and torn, dear,
Will carry me swiftly to you!

MRS. JOHN H. PATTERSON

When socks you knit, dear ladies fair,
In countless numbers, do take care
Not to make
A pair of socks that is NOT a pair,
Or has knots in the heels or anywhere,
For the sake
Of the husky lads who Over There
Those knotless socks will proudly wear
When they drive the Kaiser to his lair
And vengeance take!

MRS. JOHN H. PATTERSON

THEN

The caddy's all ready and Johnny cries "Fore!"
He handles his brassie and makes a good score.
Jenny sits on the porch and vows it is shocking,
That she should so boldly knit John a golf stocking!

NOW

John shoulders his gun and says, "War's begun!"
He handles a spade without any aid,
And Jenny makes socks and declares it is fitting
That every girl now carry on with her knitting!

MRS. JOHN H. PATTERSON

As we're sitting
 Ever knitting,
 Time is flitting
 Swiftly by,
 Prayer ascending
 Without ending,
 Heaven attending
 Hears our cry,
 Triumph to our armies sending —
 Harbinger of Victory!

MRS. JOHN H. PATTERSON**

Far from the battle's strife
 Passes my quiet life
 To fame unknown.
 Must I unhonored be
 Until eternity
 Gives me a crown?
 No! Let me send "The Sun"
 Sock verses one by one
 Till, the fair guerdon won,
 Famous I've grown.

MRS. JOHN H. PATTERSON

I'm knitting stockings all the day
 For one I love who's far away,
 They're warm and woolly, soft and gray.
 But when my love comes back to me,
 When Peace is ours, with Victory,
 Of finest silk his socks shall be.
 For my love, he has a heart of gold,
 He's true and tender, brave and bold,
 As were the valiant knights of old.
 And he fights for God and Country!

MRS. JOHN H. PATTERSON

A stormy ocean rolls between our land, fair France, and
thine,
But far above the tossing waves the steady planets
shine.
The stars lead on to Victory, our triumph has begun,
We scorn the danger of the sea, the menace of the Hun,
Our brows are knit in firm resolve, our hearts are knit
together,
And e'en our stockings, knit with love, defy the stormy
weather.
The Tricolor and the Starry Flag are mingled in the
fight,
St. George's Cross is blazoned high, to show that *Right*
is might!
Then, Forward, men! to Victory! The foe is fleeing
fast,
Berlin shall fall as Jericho at Joshua's trumpet blast!

MRS. JOHN H. PATTERSON

(With apologies to the memory of Mark Twain)

Knit, sister, knit with prayer,
Knit for your soldier Over There!
He's yours and mine, whoever he be,
Wherever he fights, on land or sea,
We must help him along to victory.
So, knit for your soldier Over There!

Chorus

Knit, sister, knit with prayer!
Knit for your soldier Over There!

MRS. W. F. PATTON

Knitting for the soldiers brave,
 Mighty valor showing,
 Fighting freedom's cause to save
 Hun power overthrowing,
 Be they kindred or unknown,
 Dear we will confess them,
 Proudly claim them as our own
 Heroes all — God bless them!
 Ever as we knit and knit,
 Pray we still God bless them!

MRS. F. C. PERCY*

MY AUNT'S LITTLE NOTE

It happened in April, '61; she pinned within the toe
 A note that read: "I hope they fit — and
 Perhaps you'll let me know."
 Soon a soldier boy wrote thankfully, and
 Then they both wrote more,
 While she kept that Yank in woollen socks,
 Until the end of the war.

Four years passed by before they met (now
 You'll guess the rest, no doubt);
 Gun and needles were laid aside, and the
 Wedding bells rang out.
 'T was long ago, but the tale is true, with a
 Moral for those who knit:
 Pin a little note in the toe, my dears,
 For perhaps your socks may fit!

EDWARD TEN BROECK PERINE*

THE ARMIES BY NIGHT

In far off France the quiv'ring moonbeams play
On shining arms advancing to the fray;
A million men are marching in the night,
Our hero host whose only quest is Right,
Those brave ones "Over There!"

While in fond homes, 'neath evening lamps aglow,
As flashing needles hurry to and fro;
Another army waits and hopes and strives,
Ten million mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives —
The legions of the fair!

EDWARD TEN BROECK PERINE

WAR WINNING

"All for the lack of a horseshoe nail
A kingdom was lost" — 't is an ancient tale;
How will it be when our story's told?
Shall we have won with "a bullet of gold,"
A gun — and one man more?

Will it be airplanes, tanks or fleets,
Conservation of fuel or sweets,
A bond, or a stamp, or a cigarette?
Hearken, ye prophets, and don't forget —
Wool may win the war!

EDWARD TEN BROECK PERINE

VALLEY FORGE, DECEMBER, 1777

"We have with us no less than 2,898 men now in camp, unfit for duty because they are barefoot." — George Washington.

March with us, mighty men, the same cause plead
As seven score years ago;
Yet not with naked, wayworn feet that bleed
And falter in the snow.

Be with, inspire us now, in full degree;
Great zeal and courage give;
Make us to prove the ancient verity —
That Liberty shall live!

EDWARD TEN BROECK PERINE**

E PLURIBUS UNUM

We are knitting a vast fabric, a six billion dollar loan,
For ourselves and all our brave Allies, and here the list
is shown:
For Great Britain, France and Belgium, for Italy we
knit,
For Serbia, and Russia, too, Czecho-Slovaks a bit;
Here are helmets for Brazilians, Montenegrins and
Chinese,
And our good friends Japs and Cubans, Poles and
Greeks and Portuguese;
We have mufflers for Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama,
Wristlets warm for Guatemala, Hayti and Liberia;
With a sweater for the elephant of plucky, wee Siam,
And a big sock filled with dollars for our dear old Uncle
Sam!

EDWARD TEN BROECK PERINE

TO GEORGE SCOBELL, A. E. F.

Gold the chevron you now wear,
"Six months' service, Over There" —
Carry on! Be proud to add,
One by one those emblems, lad.
Bands I've knit of golden hue,
Each sock has an emblem, too.
Little bars I've made to hold
Love — a service stripe of gold.

RITA PERINE***

A POPULAR YARN

"I'm going to be a sweater," said the haughty khaki
wool,
And — "I'm to be some wristlets. Tell you what, I
have a pull!"
"Well I'm to be a helmet," spoke a dark-browed, hand-
some ball,
But the little, light gray hank of wool said not a word
at all,
At last there came some humans — one a winsome,
pretty maid —
At whom each ball of worsted looked, and that she'd
take him prayed;
But then — "This little hank's just right for socks," they
heard her say,
And — well, those other worsteds all are jealous of the
gray!

JENNIE B. PERRY**

We do our bit as we see fit;
To wit:
We knit.

Our boys — the blessed — will do the rest —
Their best —
With zest.

Soon Kaiser vile on lonely isle
May while
A while.

G. H. G. PETERSEN***

Some knitters make a sock a day
If rumors be not wrong;
I'm sure they live in other climes
Where day is six months long.
For I, when I have stitches five,
Must then unravel four;
I wonder which will end the first,
My knitting — or the war!

But if the sock at last is knit,
What chance that it will ever fit?

DORIS E. PITKIN

Go 'way, Ned, don't bother me,
I'm knitting socks for Sam,
He needs them in the trenches,
A busy girl I am.

I have no time to listen,
I'm narrowing the toe,
And you your time are wasting,
Because I love him so.

Chorus

I'm knitting for the lad I love, who fights for me to-day,
The truest, bravest soldier lad in all the U. S. A.

A. L. PLITER

Knit—and the world knits with you,
 Slack—and you slack alone;
 The world needs many a worker,
 But it has no place for a drone.

HELEN PORTER

To the click, click of my needles
 Thought keeps time as in a dance
 And spans the hunted ocean
 To the martyred land of France —
 The home of dauntless courage,
 With its tales of old romance.
 And I dream a time is coming
 With the sword no more unsheathed,
 While the glorious cause of freedom
 As the victor will be wreathed.

MRS. JUANITA WITTICH PORTER

Barbarians!
 Clear the soil of sunny France of their untoward
 presence!
 Drive them to their lair —
 And may they there repent their barbarous deeds.

Soldiers we,
 Who fight for
 Liberty;
 And when the battles grim are o'er
 We'll rest in honored graves,
 Or, honored, homeward turn
 And there "knit up the ragged sleeve of care."

MRS. E. L. POTTS

I do not know the name of him
 For whom my shining needles fly;
 But I can see, through eyes grown dim,
 A knight in khaki, who may die;
 Who fights on land, in air, on sea,
 To make life safe for you and me.
 Small wonder that our needles ply
 In living service; though we sigh
 Because our tribute is so small,
 Dear young Crusader, offering all!

MARY A. PRIDE**

The Red Cross is shouting for sweaters and socks,
 And yet you, dear girlies, alone and in flocks,
 Contentedly sit
 While pink scarfs you knit
 And baby blue tams to adorn your fair locks!

I love you all too much to kick up a row,
 But the justice of this you must surely allow:
 Our Boys must not freeze,
 So please, Please, PLEASE,
 Just get out your needles and knit 'em socks NOW!

MRS. H. PROEHL

Two tiny feet that once you kissed with love —
 Ten chubby toes that curled up in your hand;
 Where are they now, on slippery wave swept deck,
 Or ploughing through bloody mud in No Man's
 Land?

Nor cold nor storm could ever do them harm,
 Long years ago when Mother kept them fit;
 But what's to warm them through dread winter now?
 Only the socks that you and I shall knit!

MRS. H. PROEHL

I try hard not to weep. I must knit on,
 For other lads will need the socks which he
 So gladly would have worn. It cannot be
 That he will not come back, that he is gone.

His life he gave, he would not want me sad —
 I must knit on. They say it was God's will.
 His tiny baby socks, I have them still.
 Oh! it is hard, for he was all I had.
 I must knit on and put my grief away,
 Hoping 'gainst hope that he'll come back some day

EDNA M. PURCELL

There's a thought of you, lad, in every stitch,
 There's a message in every row,
 A message of courage and faith and love,
 A prayer for you, lad, to the Lord above.
 In each round from the top to the toe.

J. M. PURKIS

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE

There's an old-time new-time fashion, some folks call it
 a grand passion, I adore.

I follow with my fingers, as I glance beneath my lashes,
 The words that form themselves upon my lips;
 "Knit a row, and purl a row," and then, if he is watch-
 ing,

Secretly between the rows a wee kiss slips.

I know there is no harm in this, for Grandma did the
 same,

Indeed I guess her knitting gave me the family name,
 For Grandma, during war time, had no new or pretty
 frocks,

But she knitted Grandpa's heart, she says, into her
 army socks.

So is it not befitting that I should take to knitting
 more and more?

ELISE WEST QUAlFE.

IN ACTION

(*In memory of Lieut. R. H. Janss, "Killed in Action," July, 1918.*)

Only a sock, with the heel marched through!
 She put it away with the socks of blue
 He had worn as a child; her grandson, dead;
 "Killed in action," the papers said.
 A comrade had sent her the sock of gray —
 He knew she was eighty-five yesterday —
 She had learned to knit for her grandson's sake,
 Now knitting seems to still the ache
 At her heart. "In action," her needles say,
 "A sock for a soldier every day."

ELISE WEST QUAIFE

FROM THE TRENCHES

Yes, we're in, we mean to win!
 This is the tune our bugles play.
 You will come in too if you're American to-day.
 Get some woollen yarn, the khaki brown or navy gray,
 Be our allies' friend, help the war to end,
 Knit, knit for the U. S. A.

ELISE WEST QUAIFE

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
 They help to cover a world of sins;
 Start them at sunrise and keep 'em in motion,
 Then shoot the result far over the ocean;
 Knitting's a sport for all indoors and out,
 For the young and the old ones, the thin and the stout;
 Knit for Old Glory, for love or for fun —
 Don't lie down on the job till the Hun is done!

"Perpetrated on the gory battlefield of South Carolina, at Camp Wadsworth."

CORPORAL MAURICE RAPHAEL

"Sitting with my knitting in the Good Old Fashioned Way"

I ponder and I pray: "Where are you, my boy, today?"
 'T is such a very little time since you played here at my knee

And now you're fighting Boches in that land across the sea;

Sitting with my knitting in the Good Old Fashioned Way,
 I ponder and I pray, and I would to God today
 That I had nine instead of one to send o'er seas to smite
 the Hun

And fight for Right till victory's won —

While "I'm sitting with my knitting in the Good Old Fashioned Way."
 MRS. JANE M. RAWALT

O Boy of Mine across the sea,
 I wonder what you'd say to me
 If you could speak to me today?
 Methinks I hear the words you'd say,
 "I'll Carry On! You knit and pray."

Dear Boy of Mine, so brave and true,
 Dost know what I would say to you
 If I could speak to you to-day?
 The very self-same words I'd say,
 "Yes, Carry On! I'll knit and pray."

MRS. JANE M. RAWALT

A lovely young lady with golden locks
 Was knitting for some one a pair of socks;
 That some one, just then, was across the sea,
 Fighting for life and liberty.
 She wanted to do her little bit,
 So she got out her needles and began to knit.
 Sock after sock, and pair after pair
 Were knitted by her for our boys Over There.
 If you have the needles and know how to knit
 Just make some socks for some soldier's kit.

CHARLES REILLY

Knit socks for soldiers here at home,
 Knit socks for soldiers while they roam;
 Knit socks for sailors afar on the deep,
 Knit, pray and sing — but do not weep.

DAYE REMINGTON

Will you take another sweetheart?
 Such repining is not fit
 For a maid so sweet and lovely.
 But she only answered “(K) nit.”

There are plenty more to love you,
 Strong of arm and keen of wit.
 With her eyes cast down demurely
 Still she only answers “(K)nit.”

CLARE FITZHUGH RHINES

IN THE GARDEN

My needles bright flash in the sun,
 The stitches slip off one by one.
 The gardener passes from the barn;
 He sees me knitting — only yarn.

Another step — the postman's here;
 He smiles with understanding clear.
 A censor's stamp on the letter gleams.
 The postman knows I'm knitting — dreams.

MARGARET RICE*

While the women sit knitting, warm woolen socks fitting
For trench wear in cold winter weather,
Do they know while they're rocking and knitting a
stocking
They are knitting the Allies together?

MABEL K. RICHARDSON

In the cold gray dawning, 'neath the pale starlight,
Flare the fires of battle, where our soldiers fight;
In the morning sunshine, when the lamps are lit
Flash a million needles while our women knit.

Storming trench and hilltop, in the battle din,
Sitting in the firelight, knitting toward Berlin;
So we win the victory, so we do our bit,
Armies cannot falter while their women knit.

MABEL K. RICHARDSON

In the sun before her wigwam
Susie Red Cloud plies her needles,
And if you should come with questions
She would answer without pausing:
* "Hi-na! I must knit for † Sun-ka,
Far across the Big Sea Water
Sun-ka fights beside the Pale Face.
For him there is no returning
Until all men dwell as brothers,
And all nations smoke the Peace Pipe.
Great ‡ He-yo-ka, haste my needles!"

MABEL K. RICHARDSON

* Hi-na — Dakotah (or Sioux) friendly greeting of surprise.

† Sun-ka — younger brother.

‡ He-yo-ka — god of the prairies.

All day she sits a-knitting, gray and bent and blind,
 But her heart is always cheery, she doesn't seem to
 mind,
 Though she cannot see her needles or skeins of khaki
 yarn
 She can see a million heroes marching on the Marne.

MABEL K. RICHARDSON

I knit for a lonely soldier who has no wife, no mother,
 No sister and no sweetheart; yet he shall be my brother—
 Tho I have not heard his laughter, nor looked into his
 eyes,
 Nor listened for his footfall, nor bid him fond good-bys,
 I know his dauntless courage and his manly sacrifice.

For he heard my country calling and sailed the faithless
 sea
 To battle for her honor, to shield my home and me.
 Tho I do not know his station, or what his name may be,
 I knit for a lonely soldier who has no wife, no mother,
 No sister and no sweetheart — for he is still my brother.

MABEL K. RICHARDSON**

Tick! Tick! goes the clock.
 Soon the day is dying.
 Click! Click! Knit a sock,
 Send the needles flying.
 Boom! Boom! speaks the gun
 In its steady drumming.
 Back! Back! cries the Hun,
 For the Yanks are coming.

MRS. A. J. RITTER.

Two little kittens are playing
 On the floor with a ball of yarn.
 Two trembling lips are praying
 For the sweetheart who fell at the Marne.

Two loving hands are knitting
 Skilfully, pair upon pair
 Of mittens and socks befitting,
 Some one's hero to wear. MRS. A. J. RITTER

(With apologies to R. L. Stevenson)

How would you like to knit plenty of socks,
 Socks of khaki and blue?
 Oh, I do think it's the pleasantest work
 Ever a girl could do!

Knitting a row, then another row
 Until the sock is done.
 Knitting a pair, then another pair,
 Until the war is won. M. ROBINSON

An experienced knitter from Troy
 Sent a new kind of socks to her boy,
 And he said, "I can't see
 Where these ought to fit me,
 But for polishing shoes they're a joy!"
 D. ANNETTE ROGERS***

Thank you so much for the wool I received.
 Wish I'd had brains to earn more,
 For I want to keep on doing my bit
 As long as our country's at war!

And when I send these socks to my boy
 And he learns how the wool was won
 I know he'll say, "Bless godmother
 And the good old 'Sunday Sun!'"

D. ANNETTE ROGERS

Now is the time, as once before,
 To lay aside that country fun;
 Knitted socks are needed most
 For our boys who are fighting the Hun.

Irene, Ruth and Alice
 Are fighting against those Huns,
 By knitting socks and helmets
 For everybody's son.

Of course, sweaters help out too
 Against the Kaiser's sons,
 And you will find that democracy
 Will soon be ruling the Hun.

ESTHER E. ROCKELEIN (aged 13)

Hail, fragrant, fairest Fleur-de-Lis,
 Thou hear'st all Muses' minstrelsy,
 And woman's voice whene'er she sings,
 And waft of holy angels' wings;
 Priscilla purls her notes in socks
 Made soft as shades of hollyhocks,
 With charm of pearly, facile fingers —
 Here forever beauty lingers,
 And comfort socks shall cross the sea,
 For Yankee boys, O Fleur-de-Lis!

WILLIAM ARNOLD ROWLAND**

TO THE UNKNOWN AIRMAN

I knit my helmet with a dream
 Of distant reaches in the sky,
 Where silver ships of airy navies gleam
 And wings of death in cloudy ambush lie.
 But every stitch knits in a silent prayer
 For safety and the victory of right.
 May one who wears it break the waiting snare,
 And wing his way to earth with laurels bright.

MRS. E. T. ROYLE

Clickety click the needles fly,
But my thoughts speed faster still;
Winged birds are my desires,
And I knit them in with a will.
May your feet, my son, be always kept
From the paths that lead to sin
By the thoughts and prayers in every stitch,
As the needles click them in.

CHARLOTTE RUGH

I shall not give up till I've won that prize
Of five dollars' worth of wool.
For I've learned to knit, to my great surprise,
As I never learned at school.
So the sooner it comes the better the chance,
For those many other poets,
And I'll knit and knit, and my socks will fit,
And I'll stick to my task and do my bit
For the husky lad that makes the hit
That puts an end to the Kaiser.

H. C. R.

With purl and knit I'd do my bit,
In this, Our Uncle's war,
To help the boys across the sea
Who are doing so much more.

So they with gun will "swat the Hun,"
And I with needles bright,
'Til Kaiser Bill at last admits
That Sherman had it right.

I. E. R.

Gee! I wish that I could teach an octopus how to knit,
I'd make that homely ocean leach get busy and "do
its bit."

Its eight long arms would twist and sway and make the
needles hum,

And finish three sweaters every day. That would be
going some!

Two dozen pairs of woollen sox I'd make it knit each
day;

Some wristlets and some helmets, too, with khaki yarn
and gray;

I'd put it in a narrow cage with another beastly cuss,
Its prototype, Kaiser Bill, the human (?) octopus.

S. S. SAMUELS

I've knitted one dozen pairs of socks

To be sent across the seas.

You'll find them of different sizes

To be given to whom you please.

They're for no particular laddie,

With no particular name,

He may be black, he may be white,

They're all soldiers just the same.

May their feet keep warm in the socks I've knit

And help them along to do their bit!

MARY SATTERLEE

There was a maid of Scrabble Hill,

And if not dead she's knitting still.

The pile grew tall, it reached the sky,

And on the moon hung socks to dry.

MRS. MARGUERITE C. SCHMIDT

As I'm knitting, thoughts are fitting
To a lad way "Over There,"
As I think of his grave danger
I could almost tear my hair.

I don't fear the awful Germans,
For Bill's brave and unafraid,
But I shudder lest he's captured
By a coy Parisian maid.

BERT ADAIR SEELHOFF

LONE LADS

Away "Over There" where the rivers run blood;
Where the boys in the trenches fight knee deep in mud;
Where the gas shells hellishly burst overhead,
And the living bear stretchers of maimed and dead.

Where the vermin and rats make a hell of the night,
And the troops' soundest sleeper awakes with a fright;
Where the blue clouds of heaven belch shrapnel and
shot;
Where even God's free air is fetid and hot.

There are boys without mothers, or sisters, or kin,
And yet they are giving their lives to help win;
And so I am knitting warm socks with the prayer
That they'll comfort and hearten lone lads "Over
There."

BERT ADAIR SEELHOFF

Knit two; purl two —
 'T is so little, little —
 Knit two; purl two —
 So little that I can do.
 Add a mite to his comfort there,
 Weave in my love and a bit of a prayer.

Knit two; purl two —
 'T is so little, little —
 Knit two; purl two —
 So little that I can do. SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT

“To knit or not to knit,” that is the question
 With some, sad to say, but here is a suggestion —
 Keep the “K” of the knit; do not dare to forget it.
 Then your needles will fly and you’ll never regret it.
 E. R. SHANNON

THE SOCK SONG OF A SOLDIER

The First Loan sent us boys to camp,
 The Second, Over There.
 The Third one sent us over the top,
 Each one to do his share.
 The Fourth is going to end the job
 And send us to Berlin,
 So knit us socks back there at home
 And help the boys to win!

PRIVATE WALTER S. SKIFF

Knit, knit, knit, knit.
 Doing her bit!
 So sweetly quaint,
 So like a saint,
 That I inquired
 If she were tired;
 Failing to raise
 Her downward gaze
 The slightest bit,
 She answered “Nit!”

SKIP

Once happily married, contented, unharried
 Regarding the state of my clothes;
 Now a nail, pin or string
 Or some other damn thing
 Conceals what I should not expose!

Since she has been sitting, persistently knitting,
 Her wifely attentions I've missed.
 Am convinced with a shock
 That to get a whole sock
 I simply have got to enlist!

SKIP

He sang "Ye ho!" like a croaking crow,
 As he finished it off with a broadened toe.
 His weathered skin and his toothless grin
 Made him look like a gargoyle old in sin;
 But he, by Gar! was a worthy tar,
 Who was steering his bark for the gates ajar.
 He did his bit with a whaler's grit
 And a Yank marine got the sock he knit!

SKIP

Will the Kaiser beat democracy?
 I guess nit!
 Will the Allies stand autocracy?
 I guess nit!
 All should help our boys to conquer,
 All should do their little bit,
 And you ask what way is helpful?
 I guess — KNIT!

CECELIA SMITH

Husband, son, now baby — war has beckoned thrice
 To their country's colors — granny's sacrifice.
 Hoping, hoping, hoping; God grant safe return!
 Knitting, knitting, knitting; while the home fires burn.

CHARLES V. SMITH

God grant you strength, brave Yankee lads,
To do your duty well.
May the socks we knit keep your tootsies fit
To kick the Huns to hell.

MRS. KATHLEEN A. SMITH**

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Knitting her socks one day,
Along came the Kaiser
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

He looked at the knitting,
So warm and close fitting
And thought to himself long and hard,
“ There’s no chance to beat
For there’ll be no cold feet,
So I may as well say ‘ Kamerad!’ ”

MARY E. SMITH

DUTY

Here’s some wool — now do your part,
Do you know the gentle art —
of knitting?
Knit a sock, a pair or two,
There is much that you can do —
with knitting.
Then ask your friends, just one or two,
To lend a hand, and help you thru —
Just Knitting.

WILLANNA HAMPTON SMITH

Knit a sock, knit a sock,
Maid and man.
Serve your country
As fast as you can.

Purl it, and heel it, and toe it with care,
And send it to France for a Sammy to wear.

MRS. CHARLES A. SPEER

Haven't you heard the needles clicking?
Why, for days on this sweater I've been knitting.
Knitting and purling, two and two,
Stripes of "natural," and Marine blue,
Then plain and smooth till it reaches your heart,
Where I put in a pocket — a work of art.
But look a bit closer and read, if you can,
The best motto to write over the heart of a man;
"SEMPER FIDELIS," in blue, don't you see?
For *semper fidelis* I know you will be.
A secret I'll tell you. I'd like to go too,
But my spirit goes along with the sweater to you.
So wear it, my son,
When you fire off your gun,
Then I'll feel that I'm helping to pepper the Hun.
Do all that you do for yourself and one other,
Then I'll know that I'm in it.

MRS. W. C. SPICER

The knitter a knitting is knitting her bit
For the soldier boys in France,
For the feet that are hastening ever on
To repel the foe's advance.

As clickety click the needles fly
From early dawn until night
She murmurs a prayer to our Lord on high
For victory, justice, right.

GERTRUDE STEVENS

Knit two, purl two, the sock is begun;
 You're off on the road to wallop the Hun.
 Now on the stretch, eight inches plain;
 Hurry up, knitter, get at it again!
 Heel and gusset — you've reached the toe.
 If the Kaiser could see that, my, wouldn't he go!

HELEN E. STRAIT

Here's to some Sammy,
 So loyal and true,
 The man who is ready
 To die or do.
 May you take every gun
 Bring down every Hun;
 They can't knock the socks off of you.

HELEN M. SWAP

They're knitting socks for Sox to sock the Kaiser,
 My sister Sue and Ma and Aunt Eliza;
 They purl and knit, it really is the fashion
 To help supply the socks for Sox's ration.
 And sisters, sweethearts everywhere
 Jab knitting needles in their hair
 In place of hatpins, now quite rare;
 The old and young, the debonair;
 Fat Uncle John, slim Uncle Jim
 And pa — just think of him
 A knitting socks for Sox to sock the Kaiser!

1ST LIEUT. R. E. SYLVESTER

You can talk about the fancy things mothers gave to
us

When we were home a-polishing up the benches;
But cakes and pies and tarts and jams or other kinds of
stuff

Are no good at all for holding down the trenches.
The socks are warm, the sweaters too;
They comfort us, and I tell you
The folks back home know what to do —
Give 'em wool!!
Give 'em wool!!
Give 'em wool!!!

1ST LIEUT. R. E. SYLVESTER***

O boys dear, be strong and brave
And we will all try hard to save—
Save the food and give the dollar
Just to make the Kaiser holler.

We'll knit you socks, and we'll knit you sweaters
Just to show the Huns their betters.
We'll knit, knit and keep on knitting
Until we're sure of the Kaiser quitting.

MRS. C. S.

I hope you'll stand the wear and tear
That's coming to you "Over There"
And weather tight and feather light,
Keep dry and warm and quite all right,
The marching feet that onward go
With serried ranks to meet the foe.
To send the Hun,
In record time,
To Kingdom come.

M. M. S.

Knitting socks all day long,
In my heart a sad but happy song,
Thinking of the dear ones in the strife
Leaving home and comfort, giving even life.

Knitting, knitting socks in my sleep;
In my dreams I think and weep.
Oh, the dear ones so brave
Who are fighting honor and democracy to save.
Knitting, knitting from morn till night
For our dear boys who are in the fight.

GRACE E. TALBERT

In and out, in and out,
Round about, and round about,
Here a stitch, there a stitch,
Till we're nervous as a witch!
In the house, in the barn,
Knitting stitches, winding yarn —
Helping to fight the foe —
Climbing up to heel and toe,
Till we're finished — so!

MINNIE GRANT TARR

I knit, thou knittest, he knits,
We all do our bit for the boys.
We knit, you knit, they knit,
Oh, let it be one of our joys!

I shall knit, thou wilt knit, he will knit
Till the cannon stop their roar.
We shall knit, you will knit, they will knit
Till we've won what we're fighting for!

HELEN TAYLOR

Hear the shrapnel burstin',
 Breakin' in the air;
 Watch our boys a fightin',
 Takin' every dare!

Watch our girls a sittin',
 Knittin' socks sublime,
 To keep our boys' feet good and dry
 Until they reach the Rhine.

MRS. RUBY TAYLOR

Over There, Over There,
 Send some socks to our flocks, Over There.
 Don't you think of quitting,
 Just keep on knitting,
 Till every Yankee has a pair!
 Don't despair. We can share.
 For our "bit" is to knit things to wear,
 They'll be over. We'll send them over.
 And we'll knit, knit, knit, till it's over, Over There!

TEDDY

How guiding are the fingers
 That twirl the needles round;
 How sigh with each stitch lingers
 And halts the clicking sound.

Go winding strands, and tell him
 That as the purling grows
 To find my heart. Compel him
 To search between the rows.

MARY FORNEY THUNDER

Be a knitter, not a knocker!
 Hand Old Kaiser Bill a socker!
 Know that every sock you knit
 Scores for us a great big hit,
 Every one can do her bit,
 Some can sew and some can knit;
 Hand Old Kaiser Bill a socker,
 Sitting, knitting in your rocker!

MRS. WILLIAM A. TREADWELL

Among the summer roses, far away across the sea,
 My girl is sitting, knitting, and I know she knits for me.
 I seem to hear the clicking of her needles in the air,
 They're ticking out a message full of love and hope and
 prayer.

Dear faithful little Ally, there is need of more like you!
 With every single stitch you take, you fight the Kaiser
 too.

MRS. ST. GEORGE BROOKE TUCKER**

Dear boy of mine, far off in France, I'm sending you
 to-day

Four pairs of socks just finished, and this little note to
 say

I've knitted into every row some happy thought of you,
 And all the funny little things you used to say and do.
 I've knitted in some laughter at your halting school-boy
 French

(Also a mental picture of you shaving in a trench!)
 I've knitted in your childish face all berry stained and
 brown,

Your little ankles scratched with thorns, one trouser
 leg 'way down —

I've tucked away down by the toe a mother's simple
 prayer —

Please, God, protect my boy to-night and guard him
 Over There!

MRS. ST. GEORGE BROOKE TUCKER*

If a soldier's foot goes in it,
Will he let me know this minute
 If he finds it warm and comfy to his sole;
For I cannot go on knitting
If there's other work more fitting
 That will cheer and speed the patriot to his goal.
MISS M. A. TUFTS

Little Will-Helm lost his sheep,
 He didn't know where to find 'em.
Leave 'em alone, they won't come home,
 He didn't know where to find 'em.
ANNE M. TURNER

Am now in my seventy-fifth year,
 And they tell me I am getting quite old,
But am knitting these socks for fear
 That some boy's feet will get cold;
They will be welcome for some mother's son —
Another pair now I've just begun.
WALLACE VAN DOORN

Go warm sweater, do your best!
Keep the cold from our dear boy's breast;
And you, too, long muffler, do your part,
To keep the chill from his loving heart.
Thick wool socks, tacked together,
Do your best in the stormy weather;
Sweater and muffler and helmets, too,
Cheer and comfort our boys so true.
MRS. ELEANOR VAN HORNE

Even our hearts are knit in war and knitting socks
 Adds one knit more
 Of love and comfort, and even hope.
 God made us all active and none to mope;
 So take to your needles
 As you would to a gun,
 For this is the way to down the Hun.

FLORENCE VAN WINKLE

A stitch and a prayer and a little care
 And the socks grow ever longer;
 The prayer for the boy who is Over There,
 And so our hearts grow stronger.

May the boy who wears these socks of mine
 Return to these shores by grace divine,
 Covered with glory as others have been
 By brave deeds done that we might win
 Freedom for nations oppressed by the Hun.
 Peace on earth! Thy will be done.

MRS. ANNIE VON KOCH

Another pair of socks I knit,
 For I want to do my bit;
 Not because it is the style,
 But because it is worth while
 To help my country win.
 Socks! Socks! Socks!
 Just hear our needles clicking;
 We are all so very busy
 Knitting, knitting, knitting.

NATALIE WALLACE (aged 13)

NORA'S KNITTING SONG

There was laughing Dan, and handsome Pat, and stalwart Tim McGee,
The finest boys in America, and they each came courting me;
So I sang for Tim, and I danced with Pat, and I squeezed the hand of Dan;
Sure I was sweetheart to all of them, for I loved them, every man!

The socks I have made for handsome Pat were knitted with many a sigh,
And those that were worked for laughing Dan were done with a tearful eye;
But the knitting that choked me with sobs of pain, and wrung the heart of me,
Was the socks that I fashioned, and sent with a kiss, to stalwart Tim McGee!

LAURA WALLEN *

Sing a song of sox points,
A pocket full of yarn,
Several thousand stitches
To save your feet from harm.
When the fight is over
And Kaiser's on the run,
These sox will make it easier
For you to catch the Hun.

HELEN M. WALTER (aged 14)

Dear God, deliver each silent prayer
That is breathed for our men in the trench Over There.
Each stitch is a thought, each sock is a song.
That the knitters compose as they travel along
From one row to another, the needles, the pen,
That is sending the message of love; and when
The yarn is knit, a life line of length
That will yield to the wearer a "Samson's" strength—
A shield, an armor from dangers they face,
For freedom of peoples and love of race.

Yarn for the needles, powder for guns,
Working together to conquer the Huns.
What matters that waters three thousand miles wide
From some willing workers the others divide,
For the comfort of wearied, Hun-harried men,
To restore to our Allies land peopled again
By a peaceful, thrifty and happy race,
Where the sun may still shine on a baby face
That is rosy with comfort and plenteous care,
We knit and send our beloved men there.

JAMES K. WEEDER

Oh, our boys Over There bravely fighting,
Must have socks on their feet that will fit,
So to work may we all then get busy
Plying needles, and socks we will knit.

May our patriotism never falter,
Nor our hands never, never idle be
But each moment we can just be knitting
For our brave boys over the sea.

MRS. LAURA WELLS

Oh, say, can you knit? If you can do your bit
For our country, our flag and the boys Over There
Who are fighting the Hun, and the cause may be won
With the help of the sox if we knit them with care.
If you do not know how, won't you try to learn, for
now
Each pair that you knit will help some brave soldier
boy
Who is risking his life in this terrible strife
To conquer the foe and their armies destroy.

MRS. LAURA WELLS

Here we are safe where the hearth fire glows,
And the light of the evening lamp.
There he is far from the ones he knows,
In the doubtful cheer of the camp.

So we will knit while the sun comes up,
Till it sinks at last in the west;
For we know the ways his feet must go,
And so why should we ask for rest?

Dear soldier lad, that each day may tread
To the end of life's last long mile,
But who meets his fate with high held head,
And goes (if he must) with a smile!

So we will knit while the sun comes up,
Till its last long rays depart;
For we know he may drink the bitter cup,
And pay with the blood of his heart.

ALMA CONSTANCE WELSH*

Quit kicking,
Stop knocking,
Keep knitting,
Your stocking.
When waiting in trenches
Or marching in heat,
A good sock for Sammy
May save him de-feet.
So be a sockdolager,
Knit in your sleep.

HELEN T. WERNER

SISTER SUSIE'S SISTER

Sister Susie knits for soldiers —
Sits and knits all day and night;
Knits the helmets and the mufflers
For the men who've gone to fight.

Knits the sweaters by the thousand —
They are olive drab and gray —
And she socked the U. S. Navy
Weeks before it sailed away.

Once her picture graced a paper —
That was pitched in our front yard —
And beneath told all she's doing.
Gee! But Susie's working hard.

Romance met her in the mail-box —
Soldiers saw her picture fair;
Wrote to her, and then she guyed me,
Saying: "You ain't knit a pair!"

One young man in Oklahoma,
At Fort Sill — a private he —
Said he loved her looks on paper;
Asked her age — he's six times three.

I am Sister Susie's Sister —
Never get outside the door,
Just because my Sister Susie
Wages war on every chore.

Susie used to set the table,
Used to tidy up her bed.
Used to help me cook for daddy
And the boys, for ma is dead.

I've been out but once this season;
People cried: "Old slacker, you!
Never see you at the meetings —
Sister Susie works for two."

I went home; I didn't tell 'em
Sister Susie slacks on me!
If she'd do her bit in private
I could give a Red Cross Tea.

Listen, soldiers in the trenches,
Fighting far beyond the foam:
Give three cheers for us poor devils
Who do Susie's work at home.

Wish some General like Pershing,
Foch or Haig would write me — wow.
Sorter offhand, like old cronies,
Asking how my health is now.

Sign his name: Yours Most Sincerely.
That would hush Sue's guying laff
When I showed a foreign postmark
And a General's autograff.

IGIE WETTEN-DORF

I keep my fingers flying
For the sake of one over the sea,
Where many brave men are dying —
Oh, may he come back to me.
But if he must give the full measure
Of all that he has to give,
Then my seventy years are my pleasure,
For I haven't much longer to live.
So I keep my needle flying,
'Tis so little for me to give.

MRS. A. E. WILLIAMS

CONSERVATION

She was the demon of crochet;
Sox, sweaters, gloves the veriest play
For her ecstatic needles; speed
Was her keynote, a headlong greed
That craved each second to her task,
She even had been known to ask
On running out of her own hank
Neighbors their back hair to outyank,
And once, no wastage to allow,
She knit her convoluted brow.

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON

I'm sending these socks with a blessing
To go to my soldier so true.
I'm saying "Good luck and God bless you,
And guide in whatever you do."
The blessing you wear as a headdress,
The stockings you wear on your feet,
And thus with a cloak of good nature,
I'm sure that your outfit's complete.

C. A. WOOD

Each needle white's a magic sprite
Who does my work for me;
Day in, day out, from morn to night,
They're working busily.

Knit two, purl two — knit plain a while,
Then turn the heel in your best style.
A good long foot, a well-turned toe,
And that's the way each sock must go.

And when at last one sock is done.
Why, here's another well begun.

MRS. G. L. WOODWARD

(With apologies to "The Rosary")

The hours I've spent with thee, dear sock,
Are but a string of purls to me.
I count them over with an awful shock!
My hosiery, my hosiery!

Each purl a tear, each rib a joy,
To feel the end is nearer, so
I turn the heel and strive at last to learn
To weave the toe, sweetheart, to weave the toe!

M. A. WOODWARD

It used to give me thrills of joy
To knit for some brave soldier boy;
But now I'm feeling very sore
And for a while will knit no more.

The doctors made a quick decision
And then they made a deep incision.
My side is knitting now for me;
When I'm from bed and bandage free
I'll ply my needles to and fro;
When once I heal, I'll heel and toe.

GRACE WORTHINGTON

I am knitting a sock for my boy tonight,
 My boy who has gone to France to fight.
 And my thoughts go back to the nursery dim
 When I knitted the first wee sock for him,
 White was the wool which I used that day,
 But I'm prouder far of the thread of gray.
 As I weave each mesh with tenderest care
 For the feet that manhood's burden bear,
 For the men who have gone in jubilant youth
 To battle for honor, for home and truth.

MRS. PETER B. WYCKOFF*

THE OLD MAN'S SONG

Lonely, I sit me and knit
 Socks for our heroes o'er sea;
 Knitting, I read of their grit
 Fighting the world to set free.

Reading the glorious deed,
 Performed by the sons of our soil;
 Knitting each sock with more speed,
 To lighten their burden and toil.

H. S. WYLLIE*

FIGHTERS ALL

Beneath a world's embattled flags,
 With courage that ne'er fails or lags,
 Fighting with cannon, rifle, lance,
 The free men of the world in France
 Battle for Liberty.

For Liberty our young men die,
 For Liberty, with many a sigh;
 Both sexes, juvenile and old,
 To ward our fighters' feet from cold,
 Aid in the fight by knitting,

H. S. WYLLIE

Clickity, click, clickity click,
Fast fly my thoughts as the needles flit;
Thoughts of the brave boys over the sea
Facing the Boches for you and me.
May the socks we knit be free from knots,
And help to cheer their lonely lots,
And make them swift to chase the Hun
"Unter den Linden" on the run!

M. W.

While the needles are swinging
World heroes march singing.
True banners of freedom
Right soon may they wave
O'er all lands of the free
And all homes of the brave.

CHARLOTTE LILLA YALE

If I can purl and not make any errors,
If I can knit and keep the stitches true,
If I can turn the heel without a failure,
The way the Red Cross leaflet tells me to;
If I can knit again and lose no stitches
And narrow 'til the toe is almost done,
Then if I weave and carefully secure it, this the result:
You'll have a sock, my son!

L. H. YOUNG

L'ENVOI

Finished the contest, dropped are sword and pen,
The curtain drawn on War;
Yet shall our songs go forth, and read of men
Endure — forevermore.

This be the token, how with hands we wrought
For those across the sea,
And sang, not vainly, as they marched and fought,
Till God gave Victory!

ELISE WEST QUAIFE



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